

THE  
VVOMAN  
HATER.

*As it hath beeene lately Acted by  
the Children of Paules.*

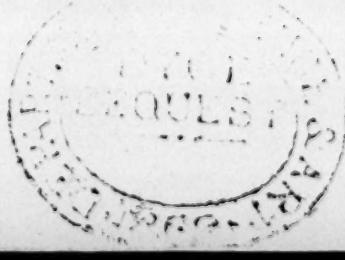
---

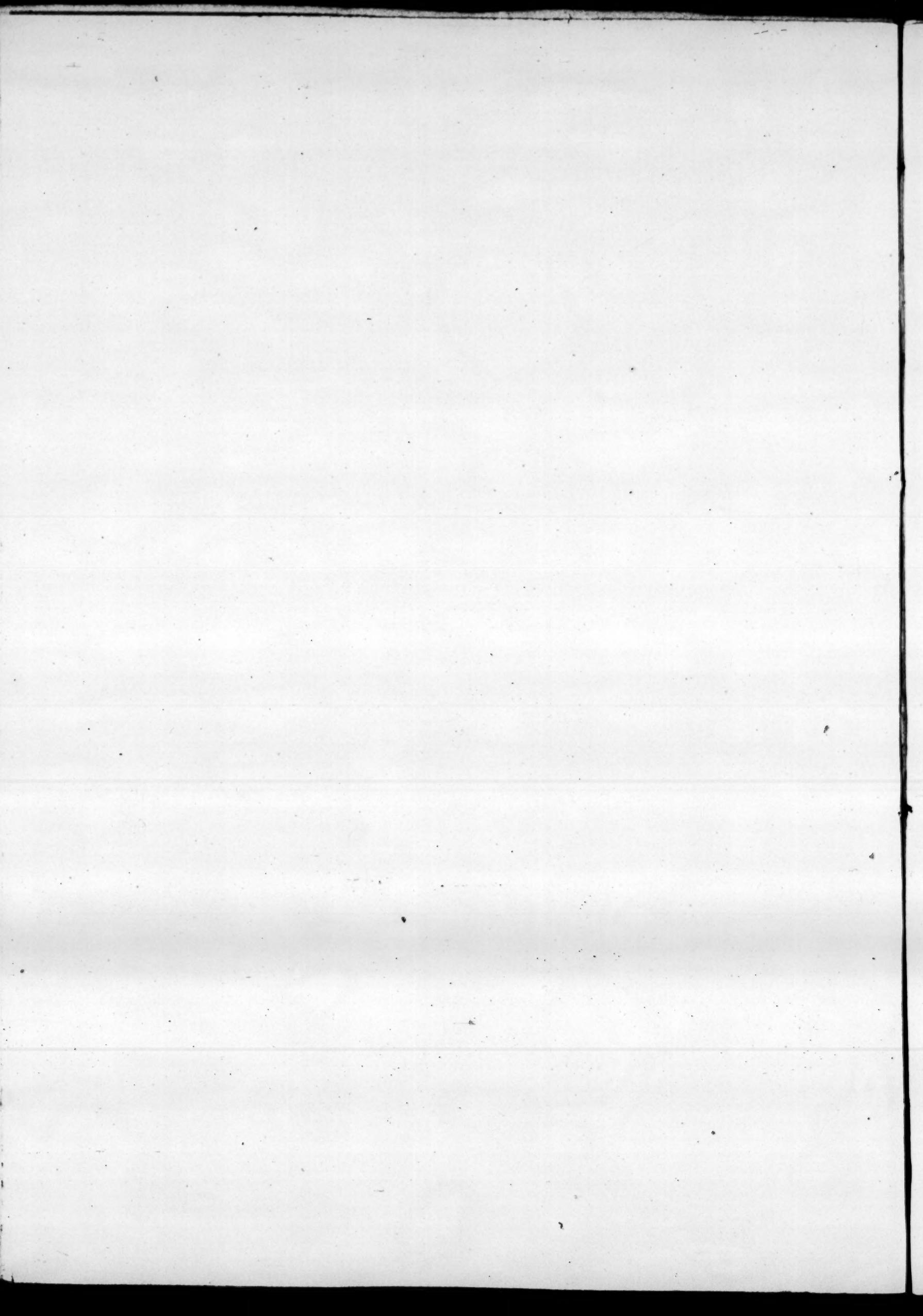


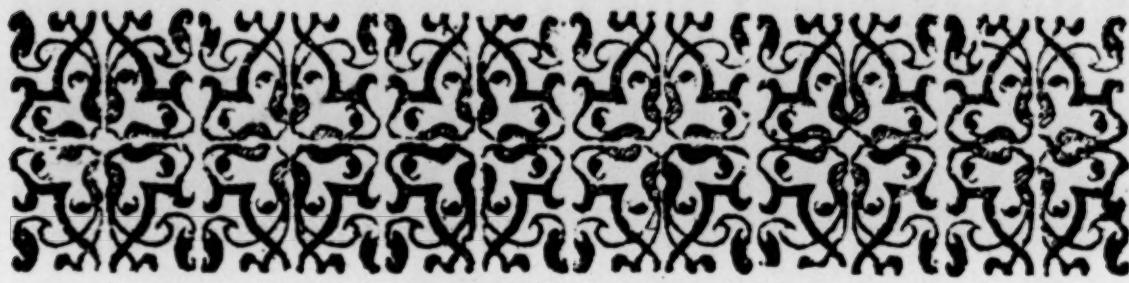
---

LONDON

Printed, and are to be sold  
by John Hodgetts in Paules  
Church-yard. 1607.







## 50 The Prologue.

 Entlemen, Inductions are out of date, and a Prologue in Verse is as stale, as a blacke Velvet Cloake, and a Bay Garland: Therefore you shall haue it plaine Prose thus: If there be any amongst you, that come to heare lasciuious Scenes, let them depart: for I doe pronounce this, to the viter discomfort of all two penny Gallerie men, you shall haue no bawdrie in it: or if there bee any lurking amongst you in corners, with Table bookees, who haue some hope to find fit matter to feede his ——— mallice on, let them clasp them vp, and slinke away, or stay and be conuerted. For he that made this Play, meanes to please Auditors so, as bee may bee an Auditor himselfe hereafter, and not purchase them with the deare losse of his eares: I dare not call it Comedie, or Tragedie; 'tis perfectly neyther: A Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh, how it will please you, is not written in my part: For though you should like it to day, perhaps your selues know not how you should digest it to morrow: Some things in it you may meeete with, which are out of the common Roade: a Duke there is, and the Scene lyes in Italy, as those two

# The Prologue.

thinges lightly wee neuer misse. But you shall not find  
in it the ordinarie and ouer-worne trade of ieasting at  
Lordes and Courtiers, and Citizens, without taxation  
of any particular or new vice by them found out, but  
at the persons of them: such, he that made this, thinkes  
vile ; and for his owne part vowes, That hee did  
neuer thinke, but that a Lord borne might  
bee a wise man, and a Cour-  
tier an honest  
man.

The



## The Woman Hater.

### ACTVS I. SCENA I.

*Enter Duke of Millaine, Arrigo, Lucio, and two  
Courtiers.*



Is now the sweetest time for sleepe, the night  
is scarce spent; *Arrigo*, what's a clocke?

*Arr.* Past foure.

*Duk.* Is it so much, and yet the morne not vp?  
See yōder where the shamfac'd maidē comes.

Into our sight, how gently doeth shee slide,  
Hiding her chaste cheeke, like a modest Bride,  
With a red vaile of blushes; as is shee,  
Even such all modest vertuous women be.

Why thinkes your Lordship I am vp so soone?

*Lucio.* About some waightie State plot.

*Duk.* And what thinkes your knighthood of it?

*Arr.* I doe thinke, to cure some strange corruptions in  
the common wealth.

*Duk.* Yare well conceited of your selues, to thinke  
I choose you out to beare me company  
In such affaires and businesse of state:  
But am not I a patterne for all Princes,  
That breake my softe sleepe for my subiects good?  
Am I not carefull? very prouident?

*Luc.* Your grace is carefull.

*Arr.* Very prouident.

*Duk.* Nay knew you how my serious working plots,  
Concerne the whole estates of all my subiects,  
I and their liues; then *Lucio* thou wouldest sweare,  
I were a louing Prince.

# The Woman Hater.

*Lucio.* I thinke your grace intendes to walke the publicke streetes disguised, to see the streetes disorders.

*Duke.* It is not so.

*Arrig.* You secretly will crosse some other states, that doe conspire against you.

*Duke.* Waughtier farre:

You are my friendes, and you shall haue the cause; I breake my sleepes thus soone to see a wench.

*Lucio.* Y'are woundrous carefull for your subiects good.

*Arrig.* You are a very louing Prince in deed.

*Duke.* This care I take for them, when their dull eyes, Are clos'd with heauie slumbers.

*Arr.* Then you rise to see your wenches?

*Lucio.* What *Millaine* beautie hath the power, to charme her Soueraignes eyes, and breake his sleepes?

*Duke.* Sister to Count *Valore*: She's a maide Would make a Prince, forget his throne and state, And lowly kneele to her: the generall fate Of all mortalitie, is hers to giue; As she disposeth, so we die and liue.

*Luc.* My Lord, the day grow's cleere, the Court will rise.

*Duke.* We stay too long, is the the *Umbranoes* head as wee commaunded, sent to the sadde *Gondarino*, our generall?

*Arr.* Tis sent.

*Duk.* But stay, where shines that light?

*Arrig.* Tis in the chamber of *Lazarelllo*.

*Duke.* *Lazarelllo*? what is he?

*Arrig.* A Courtier my Lord, and one that I wonder your grace knowes not: for he hath followed your Court, and your last predecessors, from place to place, any time this seauen yeare, as faithfully as your Spits and your Dripping-pans haue done, and almost as greasely.

*Duke.* O we knowe him as we haue heard: he keepes a kallender of all the famous dishes of meate, that haue bin in the Court, euer since our great Graundfathers time; and when he can thrust in at no Table, hee makes his meate of that.

*Lucio* The

# The Woman-Hat

*Lucio* The very same my Lord.

*Duke*. A Courtier cal'st thou him?

Beleue me *Lucio*, there be many such

About our Court, respected, as they thinke,

Euen by our selfe; with thee I will be plaine:

We Princes do vse, to prefer many for nothing, and to take particular and free knowldge, almost in the nature of acquaintance of many; whome we do vse only for our pleasures, and do giue largely to numberes; more out of pollicy, to be thought liberall, and by that meanes to make the people striue to deserue our loue; then to reward any particular desert of theirs, to whome we giue: and doo suffer our selues to heere Flatterers, more for recreation

Then for loue of it, though we sildome hate it:

And yet we know all these, and when we please,

Can touch the wheele, and turne their names about.

*Lu.* I wonder they that know their states so well, should fancie such base flaues.

*Duke*. Thou wondrest *Lucio*,  
Do'st not thou thinke, if thou wert *Duke of Millaine*,  
Thou should'st be flattered?

*Lucio* I knowe my Lord, I woul'd not.

*Duke*. Why so I thought till I was Duke, I thought I should haue left me no more Flatterers, then there are now plaine-dealers; and yet for all this my resolution, I am most palpably flattered: the poore man may loath couetousnes & flattery; but Fortune will alter the minde whē the winde turnes: there may be well a little conflict, but it will drieue the byllowes before it.

*Arrigo* it grow's late, for see faire *Thetis* hath vndon the bares.

To *Phebus* teame; and his vnriual'd light,

Hath chas'd the mornings modest blush away:

Now must we to our loue, bright *Paphian* Queene;

Thou *Cytherean* goddesse, that delights

In stirring glaunces, and art still thy selfe,

More toying then thy teame of Sparrowes bee;

Thou laughing *Errecina* O inspire

# Woman Hater,

Her heart will loue, or lessen my desire.

Exe[n]ce.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Lazarello and his Boy.*

Laz. Goe runne, search, pry in euery nooke and Angle of the kitchins, larders, and pasturies, know what meate's boyld, bak'd, rost, stew'd, fri'de, or sows'd, at this dinner to be seru'd directly, or indirectly, to euery seuerall table in the Court, be gone.

Boy. I runne, but not so fast, as your mouth will doe vpon the stroake of eleuen.

*Exit Boy.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow vpon man, when he did giue him a good stomacke? what vnbounded graces there are powr'd vpon them, that haue the continuall command of the very best of these bles-sings? Tis an excellent thing to bee a Prince, hee is seru'd with such admirable varietie of fare; such innumerable choise of delicates, his tables are full fraught with most nourishing foode, & his cupbords heauie laden with rich wines; his Court is still filled with most pleasing varie-ties: In the Summer, his pallace is ful of greene geese; and in Winter, it swarmeth woodcockes,

O thou Goddess of plentie

Fill me this day with somerare delicates,

And I will euery yeare most constantly,

As this day celebrate a sumptuous feast,

If thou wilt send me viuals in thine honor,

And to it shall be bidden for thy sake,

Euen al the valiant stomacks in the Court:

All short-cloak'd Knights, & al crosse-garter'd gentlemē;

All pumpe and pantofle, foot-cloth riders;

With all the swarming generation

Of long stocks, short pain'd hose, & huge stuff'd dublets:

All these shal eate, and which is more then yet

Hath ere bee ne seene, they shal be satisfied.

I wonder my Ambassador returnes not!

*Enter Boy*

Boy

# The Woman Hater.

*Boy.* Here I am Maister.

*Laza.* And welcome:

Neuer did that sweete Virgin in her smocke,  
Faire cheek'd *Andromeda*, when to the rocke  
Her yuorie limbes were chain'de, and straight before  
A huge Sea monster, tumbling to the shoare,  
To haue deuoured her, with more longing sight  
Expect the comming of some hardy Knight,  
That might haue quel'd his pride, and set her free,  
Then I with longing sight haue look'd for thee,

*Boy.* Your *Perseus* is come Master, that will destroy him,  
The very comfort of whose presence shuts  
The monster hunger from your yelping guts

*Laza.* Briefe boy, briefe, discourse the seruice of each se-  
uerall Table compendiously.

*Boy.* Heres a Bill of all Sir.

*Laza.* Giue it mee. A Bill of all the feuerall seruices this  
day appointed for euery Table in the Court:  
I, this is it on which my hopes relye;  
Within this paper all my ioyes are clos'de:  
Boy open it, and read it with reuerence.

*Boy.* For the Captain of the Guards Table, three chynes  
of Beefe, and two jolls of Sturgeon.

*Laza.* A portly seruice, but grosse, grosse, proceed to the  
Dukes owne Table, deare boy to the Dukes owne Table.

*Boy.* For the Dukes owne Table, the head of an *Vmbrana*.

*Laza.* Is't possible! can Heauen bee so propitious to  
the Duke?

*Boy.* Yes, Ile assure you Sir, 'tis possible, Heauen is so  
propitious to him.

*Laza.* Why then he is the richest Prince aliue:  
He were the wealthiest Monarch in all Europe,  
Had he no other Territories, Dominions, Prouinces, Seats,  
Nor Pallaces, but only that *Vmbrana*'s head.

*Boy.* 'Tis very fresh and sweet sir, the fish was taken but  
this night, & the head as a rare noueltie appointed by spe-  
ciall commandement for the dukes own Table, this dianer.

# The Woman Hater.

*Laza.* If poore vnworthy I may come to eat  
Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow  
(If that blind huswife Fortune will bestow  
But meanes on me) to keepe a sumptuous house,  
A board groning vnder the heauie burden of the beastes  
that cheweth the cudde, and the Fowle that cutteth the  
ayre: I shall not like the table of a countrey Iustice, be-  
sprinckled ouer with all manner of cheape Sallcts, sliced  
Beefe, Giblets, and Pettitoes, to fill vp roome, nor should  
there stand any great, combersome, vncut vp pyes at the  
nether end fill'd with molle and stones, partly to make a  
shew with, and partly to keepe the lower messe from ea-  
ting, nor shall my meat come in sneaking like the Cittie-  
seruice, one dish a quarter of an houre after one another  
gone, as if they had appointed to meet there, and had mi-  
stooke the houre, nor should it like the new Court seruice  
come in, in hast, as if it faine would be gone againe, all  
courses at once, like a hunting breakefast, but I would  
haue my seuerall courses, and my dishes well fil'd, my first  
course shoulde bee brought in after the auntient manner,  
by a score of old bleere-ey'de Seruingmen, in long blewe  
coates, (marry they shall buy silke, facing, and buttons  
themselues) but that's by the way.

*Boy.* Maister the time call's on, will you be walking.

*Exit Boy.*

*Laza.* Follow boy, follow, my guts were halfe an houre  
since in the priuie kitchin. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA TERTII.

*Enter Counte and his sister Orians.*

*Oria.* Faith brother I must needs goe yonder.

*Count.* And yfaith sister what will you do yonder.

*Oria.* I know the Lady Honoria will be glad to see mee.

*Count.* Glad to see you, fayth the Lady Honoria cares for  
you as she doth for all other young Ladies, shee's glad to  
see

## *The Woman Hater.*

see you, and will shew you the priuie Garden, and tel you how many gownes the Duchesse had: Marry if you haue euer an old vnkle, that would be a Lord, or euer a kinsman that hath done a murther, or committed a robberie, and will giue good store of money to procure his pardon, then the Lady *Honoria* will be glad to see you.

*Oria.* I, but they say one shall see fine sights at the Court.

*Count.* Ile tell you what you shall see, you shall see many faces of mans making, for you shall find very fewe as God left them: and you shall see many legges too; amongst the rest you shall behould one payre, the feete of which, were in times past sockelesse, but are now through the change of time ( that alters all thinges) very strangely become the legges of a Knight and a Courtier: another payre you shall see, that were heire apparent legges to a Glouer, these legges hope shortly to bee honourable; when they passe by they will bowe, and the mouth to these legges, will seeme to offer you some Courtship; it will sweare, but it will lye, heare it not.

*Oria.* Why, and are not these fine sights?

*Count.* Sister, in seriousnesse you yet are young And faire, a faire young maid and apt.

*Oria.* Apt?

*Count.* Exceeding apt, apt to be drawne to.

*Oria.* To what?

*Count.* To that you should not be, 'tis no dispraise, She is not bad that hath desire to ill, But she that hath no power to rule that will: For there you shalbe woed in other kinds Then yet your yeares haue knowne, the chiefeſt men Will seeme to throw themſelues As vassailes at your ſeruice, kiffe your hand, Prepare you banquets, maskes, ſhewes, all inticements That wit and luſt together can deuife, To draw a Ladie from the ſtate of grace

# The Woman Hater.

To an old Lady wyddowes Gallery ;  
And they will prayse your vertues, beware that,  
The only way to turne a woman whore,  
Is to commend her chastitie : youle goe?

*Oria.* I would goe, if it were but only to shew you, that I could be there, and be now'd with none of these trickes.

*Cont.* Your seruants are ready?

*Oria* An houre since

*Cont.* Well, if you come off cleere from this hotseruice,  
Your praise shall be the greater. Farewell Sister.

*Oria.* Farewell Brother.

*Cont.* Once more, if you stay in the presence till candle-light, keep on the foreside oth' Curtaine; & do you heare, take heed of the old Bawd, in the cloth of Tissue-sleeues, and the knit Mittins. Farewell Sister. *Exit Oria.*

Now am I idle, I would I had bin a Scholler, that I might a studied now: the punishment of meaner men is, they haue too much to doe ; our onely miserie is, that without company we know not what to doe; I must take some of the common courses of our Nobilitie ; which is thus : if I can find no company that likes mee, plucke off my Hat-band, throw an old Cloake ouer my face, and as if I would not bee knowne, walke hastely through the streetes, till I be discouered; then there goes Counte such a one, sayes one; there goes Counte such a one, sayes another : Looke how fast he goes, sayes a third; there's some great matters in hand questionlesse, sayes a fourth; when all my busynesse is to haue them say so : this hath beene vsed ; or if I can find any companie, Ile after dinner to the Stage, to see a Play ; where, when I first enter, you shall haue a murmure in the house, euery one that does not knowe, cries, what Noble man is that ; all the Gallants on the Stage rise, vayle to me, kisse their hand, offer mee their places : then I picke out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seate, vse it, throw my cloake ouer my face, and laugh at him : the poore gentleman imagines himselfe most highly grac'd, thinkes all the

Auditors

## *The Woman Hater.*

Auditors esteeme him one of my bosome friendes, and in right speciall regard with me. But here comes a Gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport, then eyther street and stage foolerries.

*Enter Lazarello and Boy.*

This man loues to eat good meate, alwayes prouided hee do not pay for it himselfe: he goes by the name of the *Hungarie Courtier*; marry, because I thinke that name will not sufficiently distinguish him, for no doubt hee hath more fellowes there, his name is *Lazarello*, he is none of these same ordinary eaters, that will deuour three breakfasts, & as many dinners, without any preiudice to their beauers, drinkings or suppers; but he hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more after nouelty, then plenty, Ile ouer-heare him.

*Laza.* O thou most itching kindly appetite,  
Which euery creature in his stomacke feeles;  
O leaue, leaue yet at last thus to torment me.  
Three seuerall Sallets haue I sacrificiz'de,  
Bedew'd with precious oyle and vineger  
Already to appease thy greedy wrath. Boy.

*Boy.* Sir.

*Laza.* Will the Count speake with me.

*Boy.* One of his Gentlemen is gone to enforne him of your comming Sir.

*Laza.* There is no way left for me to compasse this Fish head, but by being presently made knowne to the Duke.

*Boy.* That will be hard Sir.

*Laza.* When I haue tasted of this sacred dish,  
Then shall my bones rest in my fathers tombe  
In peace, then shall I dye most willingly,  
And as a dish be seru'd to satisfie  
Deaths hunger, and I will be buried thus:  
My Beere shalbe a charger borne by foure,  
The coffin where I lye, a powdring tubbe,  
Bestrew'd with Lettice, and coole sallet hearbes,  
My winding sheet of Tanseyes, the blacke guard  
Shalbe my solemnre mourners, and in stead

# The Woman Hater.

Of ceremonies, wholesome buriall prayers:  
A printed dirge in ryme, shall burie me  
In stead of teares, let them poure Capon sauce  
Vpon my hearse, and salt in stead of dust,  
Manchets for stones, for other gloriouſ shields  
Giue me a Voyder, and aboue my hearse  
For a Trutch ſword, my naked knife ſtucke vp.

*The Count discouers himſelfe.*

*Boy.* Master, the Count is here.

*Laza.* Where? my Lord I do beſeech you.

*Count.* Y'are very welcome ſir, I pray you ſtand vp, you  
ſhall dine with me.

*Laza.* I do beſeech your Lordship by the loue  
I ſtill haue borne to your honourable house.

*Count.* Sir, what need all this? you ſhall dine with me, I  
pray riſe.

*Laza.* Perhaps your Lordship takes me for one of theſe  
ſame fellowes, that do as it were reſpect viſtuals.

*Count.* O ſir, by no meanes.

*Laza.* Your Lordship haſ often promiſed, that when-  
ſoever I ſhould affect greatneſſe, your owne hand ſhould  
helpe to raife me.

*Count.* And ſo much ſtill affuſe your ſelſe of.

*Laza.* And though I muſt confeſſe, I haue euer ſhun'de  
popuſaritie by the example of others, yet I do now feele  
my ſelſe a little ambitious, your Lordship is great, and  
though young, yet a priuie Counſeller.

*Count.* I pray you ſir leape into the matter, what would  
you haue me doe for you?

*Laza.* I would entreat your Lordship to make mee  
knowne to the Duke. *Count.* When ſir?

*Laza.* Suddenly my Lord, I would haue you preſent  
me vnto him this morning.

*Count.* It ſhall be done, but for what vertues, would  
you haue him take notice of you?

*Laza.* Your Lordship ſhall know that preſently.  
Tis pitty of this fellow, he is of good wit, & ſufficient un-  
derſtan-

# The Woman Hater.

deftāding, whē he is not trobled with this greedy worm.

*Lazar.* Faith, you may intreat him to take notice of mee for any thing; for beeing an excellent Farrier, for playing well at Span-counter, or sticking kniues in walles, for beeing impudent, or for nothing; why may not I bee a Fauorite on the suddaine; I see nothing against it.

*Count.* Not so sir, I know you haue not the face to bee a fauorite on the suddaine.

*Laz.* Why thē you shall present me as a gētlemā wel qua-lified, or one extraordinary seen in diuers strāge misteries.

*Count.* In what Sir? as howe?

*Laz.* Marrie as thus---

*Enter Intelligencer.*

*Count.* Yonders my olde Spirit, that hath haunted mee daily, euer since I was a priuie Counsellor, I must be rid of him, I pray you stay there, I am a litle buisie, I wil speak with you presently.

*Lazar.* You shall bring mee in, and after a little other talke, taking me by the hand, you shall vtter these wordes to the Duke: May it please your grace, to take note of a gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all Sallets and pothearbs whatsocuer.

*Count.* 'T will be rare, if you will walke before Sir, I will ouertake you instantly.

*Lazar.* Your Lordships euer.

*Count.* This fellow is a kind of Informer, one that liues in Alchouses, and Tauerns, and because hee perceiues some worthy men in this land, with much labour & great expence, to haue discouered things dangerously hanging ouer the State; hee thinks to discouer as much out of the talke of drunkards in Taphouses: hee brings me informa-tions, pick'd out of broken wordes, in mens common talke, which with his malitious misapplication, hee hopes will seeme dangerous, hee doeth besides bring mee the names of all the young Gentlemen in the Citie, thatvse Ordinaries, or Tauerns, talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom of their youth teach thē, without any further

# The Woman Hater.

further ends; for dangerous and seditious spirits, he is besides an arrant whore-master, as any is in *Millaine*, of a lay man. I will not meddle with the Clergie, he is parcell Lawier, & in my conscience much of their religion, I must put vpon him some peece of seruice; come hither Sir, what haue you to do with me?

*Int.* Little my Lord, I onely come to knowe how your Lordship would employ me.

*Cont.* Obserued you that gentleman, that parted from me but now.

*Int.* I saw him now my Lord.

*Cont.* I was sending for you, I haue talked with this man, and I doe find him dangerous.

*Int.* Is your Lordship in earnest?

*Cont.* Harke you sir, there may perhaps be some within eare-shot. *He whispers with him.*

*Enter Lazarell and his Boy.*

*Laz.* Sirrha will you venture your life, the Duke hath sent the fish head to my lord?

*Boy.* Sir if he haue not, kil me, do what you will with me.

*Laz.* How vncertaine is the state of all mortall things? I haue these Crosses from my Cradle, from my very Cradle, in so much that I doe begin to growe desperate: Fortune I do despise thee, do thy worst; yet when I do better gather my selfe together, I do find it is rather the part of a wised man, to preuent the stormes of Fortune by stirring, then to suffer them by standing still, to power themselues vpon his naked body. I will about it.

*Cont.* Who's within there? *Enter a Seruving-man*  
Let this Gentleman out at the backe dore, forget not my instructions, if you find any thing dangerous; trouble not your selfe, to find out me, but carrie your informations to the Lord *Lucio*, he is a man graue and well experienced in these busynesses.

*Int.* Your Lordships Seruant. *Exit Intelligencer and*

*Laz.* Will it please your worship walke? *Seruvingman.*

*Int.* Sir I was comming, I will ouer-take you.

*Laz.* I

# The Woman Hater.

**Lazar.** I will attend you ouer against the Lord Gondarino's house.

**Count.** You shall not attend there long. (gin head

**Laz.** Thither must I to see my loues face, the chaste virgin  
Of a deere Fish, yet pure and vndeflowred,  
Not known of man, no bred rough country hand,  
Hath once toucht thee, no Pandars withered paw,  
Nor an vn-napkind Lawyers greasie fist,  
Hath once slubberd thee: no Ladies supple hand,  
Washt o're with vrine, hath yet seiz'd on thee  
With her two nimble talents: no Court hand,  
Whom his owne naturall filth, or change of aire,  
Hath bedeckt with scabs, hath mard thy whiter grace:  
O let it be thought lawfull then for me,  
To crop the flower of thy virginitie. **Exit Lazar.**

**Count.** This day I am for fooles, I am all theirs,  
Though like to our yong wanton cockerd heires,  
Who doe affect those men aboue the rest,  
In whole base company they still are best:  
I doe not with much labour strive to be  
The wisest euer in the company:  
But for a foole, our wisdom oft amends,  
As enemies doe teach vs more then friends. **Exit Count.**

*Finis Actus primi.*

## Actus II. Scena I.

*Enter Gondarino and his servants.*

**Seru.** My Lord:

**Gond.** Ha.

**Seru.** Here's one hath brought you a present.

**Gond.** From whom, from a woman? if it be from a woman, bid him carrie it backe, and tell her shee's a whore: what is it?

**Seru.** A Fish head my Lord.

**Gond.** What Fish head?

**Seru.** I did not aske that my lord.

**C**

**Count:**

# The Woman Hater.

Govt. Whence comes it?

Ser. From the Court.

Gond. O tis a Gods-head.

Seru. No my Lord, 'tis some strange head, it comes from the Duke.

Gond. Let it be carried to my Mercer, I doe owe him money for silkes, stop his mouth with that. *Exit Seru.* Was ther euer any man that hated his wife after death but I? and for her sake all women, women that were created onely for the preseruation of little dogges. *Enter Seru.*

Ser. My Lord, the Counts sister beeing ouertaken in the streets, with a great haile-storme, is light at your gate, and desires Ronge till the storme be ouerpast.

Gond. Is shee a woman?

Seru. In my Lord I thinke so.

Gond. I haue none for her then; bid her get her gone, tell her shee is not welcome.

Seru. My Lord, shee is now comming vp.

Gond. Shee shall not come vp, tell her any thing, tell her I haue but one great roome in my house, and I am now in it at the close stoole.

Seru. Shee's here my Lord.

Gond. O impudence of women, I can keepe dogs out of my house, or I can defend my house against theues, but I cannot keep out women.

*Enter Oriana, a waiting woman, and a Page.*

Now Madam, what hath your Ladiship to say to me?

Oria. My Lord, I was bold to craue the helpe of your house against the storme.

Gond. Your Ladiships boldnesse in comming, will bee impudence in staying, for you are most vnwelcome.

Oriana. Oh my Lord!

Gond. Doe you laugh, by the hate I bear to you, tis true.

Oriana. Yare merry my Lord.

Gond. Let me laugh to death if I bee, or can bee whilst thou art here, or liuest, or any of thy sexe.

Oriana.

# The Woman Hater.

*Oriana.* I commend your Lordship.

*Gond.* Doe you commend me? why doe you commend me? I giue you no such cause: thou art a filthy impudent whore; a woman, a very woman.

*Oria.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Gond.* Begot when thy father was drunke.

*Oriana.* Your Lordship hath a good wit.

*Gond.* How? what haue I good wit?

*Oriana.* Come my Lord, I haue heard before of your Lordships merry vaine in jesting against our Sexe, which I beeing desirous to heare, made mee rather choose your Lordships house, then any other, but I know I am welcome.

*Gond.* Let me not liue if you be: me thinkes it doth not become you, to come to my house, being a strāger to you, I haue no woman in my house, to entertaine you, nor to shew you your chamber; why should you come to me? I haue no Galleries, nor banqueting houses, nor bawdy pictures to shewe your Ladiship.

*Oriana.* Beleeue me, this your Lordships plainnes makes me thinke my selfe more welcom, then if you had sworne by all the prettie Court oathes that are, I had beeene welcomer then your soule to your bodie.

*Gond.* Now shee's in talking, treason will get her out, I durst sooner vndertake to talke an Intelligencer out of the roome, and speake more then he durst heare, than talke a woman out of my company. *Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord, the Duke beeing in the streets, and the storme continuing, is entred your gate, and now coming vp.

*Gond.* The Duke! now I know your arrant Madame; you haue plots and priuate meetings in hand: why do you choose my house, are you ashamed to goe too't in the olde coupling place, though it be lesse suspicous here; for no Christian will suspect a woman to be in my house, yet you may doe it cleanlier there, for there is a care had of those busynesses; and wheresoeuer you remooue, your great

# The Woman Hater.

maintainer and you shal haue your lodgings directly opposite, it is but putting on your night-gowne, and your slippers; madame, you vnderstand me?

*Orian.* Before I would not vnderstand him, but now he speakes riddles to me indeed.

*Enter the Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.*

*Duke.* T'was a strange haile-storme.

*Lucio.* T'was exceeding strange.

*Gond.* Good morrow to your grace.

*Duke.* Good morrow Gondarino.

*Gond.* Justice great Prince.

*Duke.* Why shold you begge for justice, I neuer did you wrong; what's the offendore?

*Gond.* A woman.

*Luke.* O I know your auncient quarrell against that sexe; but what hainous crime hath shee committed?

*Gond.* Shee hath gone abroad.

*Duke.* What? it cannot be.

*Gond.* Shee hath done it.

(before.)

*Duke.* How? I neuer heard of any woman that did so

*Gond.* If shee haue not laid by that modestie  
That should attend a virgin, and quite voide  
Of shame, hath left the house where shee was borne,  
As they should neuer doe; let me endure  
The paines that shee should suffer.

*Duke.* Hath shee so? which is the woman?

*Gond.* This, this.

*Duke.* How Arrigo? Lucio?

*Gond.* I then it is a plot, no Prince aliue  
Shall force me make my house, a brothel house;  
Not for the sinnes, but for the woenans sake,  
I will not haue her in my doores so long:  
Will they make my house as bawdy as theiro vne are?

*Duke.* Is it not Orian?

*Lucio.* It is.

*Duke.* Sister to Count Valore?

*Arr.* The very same.

*Duke.*

# The Woman Hater.

Duke. Shee that I loue?

Lucio. Shee that you loue.

Duke. I doe suspect.

Lucio. So doe I.

Duke. This fellow to be but a counterfeit,  
One that doeth seeme to loath all woman kind,  
To hate himselfe, because he hath some part  
Of woman in him; seemes not to endure  
To see, or to bee seene of any woman,  
Onely, because he knowes it is their nature  
To wish to taste that which is most forbidden:  
And with this shew, he may the better compasse  
(And with farre lesse suspition) his base endes.

Lucio. Vpon my life 'tis so.

Duke. And I doe know,  
Before his slaine wife gaue him that offence,  
He was the greatest seruant to that sexe,  
That euer was; what doth this Lady here  
with him alone? why should he raile at her  
to me?

Lucio. Because your grace might not suspect.

Duke. T'was so: I doe loue her straingely;  
I would faine know the truth: counsel me. *They 3. whisper*

*Enter Count, Lazarello, and his boy.*

Count. It falls out better then we could expect Sir, that  
we should finde the Duke and my Lord Gondarino toge-  
ther, both which you desire to be acquainted with.

Lazar. T'was vcry happy: Boy, goe downe into the  
kitchin, & see if you can spie that same; I am now in some  
hope: I haue me thinkes a kind of feauer vpon me,

*Exit Boy.*

A certaine gloominesse within me, doubting as it were,  
betwixt two passions; there is no young maide, vpon her  
wedding night, when her husband sets first foot in the  
bed, blushes, and lookes pale againe, oftner then I doe  
now. There is no Poet acquainted with more shakings &

# The Woman Hater.

uakinges, towardes the latter end of this new play, when  
hee's in that case, that he standes peeping betwixt the cur-  
taines, so fearefully, that a bottle of Ale cannot be opened,  
but he thinkes some body hisses, then I am at this instant.

*Count.* Are they in consultatiō, if they be, either my yong  
Duke hath gotten some bastard, and is perswading my  
knight yonder, to father the childe, and marrie the  
wench, or else some Cock-pit is to be built.

*Laza.* My Lord? what noble man's that?

*Count.* His name is *Lucio*, tis hee that was made a Lord at  
the request of some of his friendes for his wiues sake, he af-  
fects to bee a great States-man, and thinkes it consistes in  
night cappes, and iewels, and tooth-pikes?

*Laza.* And whats that other?

*Count.* A Knight Sir, that pleaseth the Duke to fauour, &  
to raise to some extraordinarie fortunes, hee can make as  
good men as himselfe, euerie day in the weeke and  
doth--

*Laza.* For what was he raised.

*Count.* Truely Sir, I am not able to say directlie, for what;  
but for wearing of red breeches as I take it, hee's a braue  
man, hee will spend three Knighthoodes at a Supper  
without trumpets.

*Laza.* My Lord ile talke with him, for I haue a friend,  
that would gladlie receiue the humour.

*Count.* If he haue the itch of Knighthood vpon him, let  
him repaire to that Phisition, hee'lle cure him: but I will  
giue you a note; is your friend fator leane?

*Laza.* Something fat.

*Count.* T'will be the worse for him.

*Laza.* I hope that's not material.

*Count.* Verie much, for there is an imposte set vpon  
Knighthoodes, and your friend shall pay a Noble in the  
pound.

*Duke.* I do not like examinations,  
We shall find out the truth more easilie,  
Some other way lesse noted, and that course,

Should

## The Woman Hater.

Should not be vsde, till we bee sure to proue  
Some thing directlie, for when they perceiue  
Themselues suspected, they will then prouide  
More warilie to aunswere.

*Luc.* Doth she know your Grace doth loue her.

*Duke* She hath neuer heard it.

*Luc.* Then thus my Lord; *They whisper againe.*

*Laza.* Whats hee that walkes alone so sadly with his  
handes behind him?

*Count.* The Lord of the house, he that you desire to be  
acquainted with, hee doth hate women for the same cause  
that I loue them.

*Laza.* Whats that?

*Count.* For that which Apes want: you perceiue me Sir?

*Laza.* And is hee sad, can hee be sad, that hath so rich a  
genuine vnder his roofe, as that which I do follow?

What yong Ladies that?

*Count.* Which: Haue I mine eye sight perfect, Tis my  
sister, did I say the Duke had a bastard? what should she  
make here with him, and his Councell; shee hath no pa-  
pers in her hand, to petition to them, shee hath neuer a  
husband in prison, whose release shee might sue for: Thats  
a fine tricke for a wench; to gette her husband clapt vp,  
that shemay more freely, & with lesse suspition, visite the  
priuate studiis of men in authority. Now I do discouer  
their consultatiō, yon fellow is a Pandar without al salua-  
tion; But let mee not condemne her too rashly, without  
waying the matter; shees a young Lady, Shee went  
foorth carelie this morning with a waiting woman, and  
a Page, or so: This is no garden house, in my conscience  
shee went forth with no dishonest entent; for she did not  
pretend going to any sermon in the further end of the  
Cittie: Neither went she to see anie odde olde Gentle-  
woman, that mournes for the death of her husband, or the  
losse of her friend, and mult haue young Ladies come to  
comfort her: Those are the damnable Bawdes, Twas  
no sel meeting certainelie: for there was no wafer-wo-

# The Woman Hater.

man with her, these three daies, on my knowledge: He  
talke with her: Good morrow my Lord.

*Duke.* Yare welcome Sir: her's her brother come now  
to doe a kind office for his sister, is it not strange?

*Count.* I am glad to meet you here Sister.

*Ors.* I thanke you good Brother: and if you doubt of  
the cause of my comming, I can satisfie you.

*Count.* No faith, I dare trust thee, I doe suspect thou art  
honest, for it is so rare a thing to bee honest amongst you,  
that some one man in an age, may perhaps suspect some  
two women to be honest, but never belieue it verily.

*Luc.* Let your returne be suddaine.

*Ani.* Unsuspected by them.

*Duke.* It shall, so shall I best perceiue their Loue, if there  
be any, Farewel.

*Count.* Let me intreat your grace to stay a little,  
To know a Gentleman, to whome your selfe  
Is much beholding, he hath made the sport  
For your whole Court these 8. yeare, on my knowledge.

*Duke.* His name?

*Count.* Lazarillo.

*Duke.* I heard of him this morning, which is he?

*Count.* Lazarillo, pluck vp thy Spirits, thy fortunes are  
now raising, the Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt be ac-  
quainted with him.

*Laza.* He's going away, and I must of necessitie stay  
here, vpon busines.

*Count.* Tis all one, thou shalt know him first.

*Laza.* Stay a little, if hee should offer to take mee away  
with him, and by that meanes I should loose that I seeke  
for; but if he should, I wil not goe with him.

*Count.* Lazarillo the Duke stayes, wilt thou loose this op-  
portunity?

*Laza.* How must I speake to him?

*Count.* I was wel thought of: you must not talke to him,  
as you do to an ordinary man, honest plaine frence; but you  
must winde about him: for example, if hee should aske  
you

# The Woman Hater.

you what a clocke it is, you must not say ; if it please your grace, tis nine, but thus ; thrice three a clocke, so please my Soueraigne, or thus ; looke how many muses there doth Vpon the sweet banckes of the learned Well; (dwell, And just so many stroakes the clocke hath strooke, And so forth, and you must now & then enter into a description.

*Laza.* I hope I shall doe it.

*Count.* Come: May it please your grace to take note of a gentleman, well scene, deeply read, & throughly groûded in the hidden knowledge of all fallets and potheards whatsoeuer.

*Duk.* I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

*Laza.* I kisse the Oxe-hide of your Graces foot.

*Count.* Very well: will your grace question him a little ?

*Duk.* How old are you ?

*Laza.* Full eight and twenty feuerall Almanackes  
Hath been compyled, all for feuerall yeares,  
Since first I drew this breath, foure prentiships  
Haue I most truly serued in this world:  
And eight and twenty times hath Phœbus carre  
Runne out his yearly course since.

*Duk.* I vnderstand you Sir.

*Luci.* How like an ignorant Poet he talkes.

*Duk.* You are eight and twenty yeare old: what time of the day doe you hold it to be?

*Laza.* About the time that mortals whet their kniues  
On thresholds, on their shoe soles, and on stayres:  
Now bread is grating, and the testy cooke  
Hath much to doe now, now the Tables all.

*Duk.* 'T is almost dinner time?

*Laza.* Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

*Count.* Your grace shal find him in your further cōferēce  
Graue, wise, courtly, & scholler like, vnderstādingly read  
In the necessities of the life of man.  
He knowes that man is mortall by his birth;  
He knowes that men must dye, and therefore liue;

## The Woman Hater.

He knowes that man must liue, and therefore eate,  
And if it shall please your grace, to accompany your selfe  
with him, I doubt not, but that hee will at the least, make  
good my commendations.

*Duk.* Attend vs *Lazarell*, we doe want  
Men of such Action, as we haue receiuued you  
Reported from your honorable friend.

*Laza.* Good my Lord stand betwixt mee and my ouer-  
throw, you know I am ti'd here, and may not depart, my  
gracious Lord, so waightie are the busines of mine owne,  
which at this time doe call vpon mee, that I will rather  
chuse to die, then to neglect them.

*Count.* Nay you shal wel perceiue, besides the vertues that  
I haue alreadie infornd you off, he hath a stomack, which  
will stoope to no Prince aliue.

*Duk.* Sir at your best leisire, I shall chuse to see you. —

*Laza.* And I shall hunger for it.

*Duk.* Till then farewell all.

*Gen. Count.* Long life attend your Grace.

*Duk.* I doe not tast this sport, *Arrigo, Lucia.*

*Arr. Lucy.* We doe attend. *Exeunt Duke, Arrigo, Lucia.*

*Cond.* His grace is gone, and hath left his *Heikn* with me,  
I am no Pander for him, neither can I bee wonne with the  
Hope of gaine, or the itching desire of tasting my Lordes  
lecherie to him, to keepe her at (my house) or bring her in  
disguise, to his bed Chamber.

The twynes of Adders, and of Scorpions  
About my naked brest, will seeme to mee  
More tickling then those clasps, which men adore;  
The lustfull, dull, ill spirited embraces  
Of women; the much praysed *Amazones*,  
Knowing their owne infirmitie so well,  
Made of themselues a people, and what men  
They take amongst them, they condemne to die,  
Perceiuing that their follie made them fit  
To liue no longer, that would willingly  
Come in the worthless presence of a woman.

I will

# *The Woman Hater.*

I will attend, and see what my young Lord will doe with his sister.

*Enter Lazarelloes Boy.*

*Boy.* My Lord; the fish head is gone againe.

*Count.* Whither.

*Boy.* I know whither my Lord.

*Count.* Keepe it from *Lazarello*: Sister shall I conferre with you in priuate, to know the cause of the Dukes comming hither, I know he makes you acquainted with his busines of State.

*Oria.* He satisfie you brother, for I see you are ielous of me.

*Count.* Now there shall bee some course taken for her conueyance.

*Laza.* *Lazarello*, thou art happie, thy carriage hath begot loue, and that loue hath brought forth fruites, thou art here in the company of a man honourable, that will helpe thee to tast of the bounties of the Sea, & when thou hast so done, thou shalt retire thy selfe vnto the Court, & there tast of the delicates of the earth, and be great in the eyes of thy Soueraigne: now no more shalt thou need to scramble for thy meate, nor remoue thy stomach with the Court; but thy credit shall commaund thy hearts desire, and all nouelties shall be sent as presents vnto thee.

*Count.* Good Sister, when you see your own time, will you returne home.

*Oria.* Yes brother, and not before.

*Laza.* I will grow popular in this State, & ouerthrow the fortunes of a number, that liue by extortiōn.

*Count.* *Lazarello*, bestirre thy selfe nimblly and sodainly, and here me with patience.  
to heare.

*Laza.* Let me not fall from my selfe; speake I am bound

*Count.* So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare the fish head is gone, and we know not whither.

*Laza.* I wil not curse, nor swaere, nor rage, nor raile,  
Nor with contemptuous tongue, accuse my Fate;

## *The Woman Hater.*

Though I might justly do it, nor will I  
Wish my selfe vncreated for this euill :  
Shall I entreat your Lordship to be seene  
A little longer in the company  
Of a man cross'd by Fortune.

*Count.* I hate to leaue my friend in his extremities.

*Laza.* 'Tis noble in you, then I take your hand,  
And do protest, I do not follow this  
For any mallice, or for priuat ends,  
But with a loue, as gentle and as chast,  
As that a brother to his sister beares :  
And if I see this fish head yet vndeowne,  
The last words that my dying father spake,  
Before his eye-strings brake, shall not of me  
So often be remembred, as our meeting,  
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,  
Full of pure loue, and free from seruile lust.

*Count.* Farwell my Lord, I was entreated to invite your  
Lordship to a Ladies vpsitting.

*Gond.* O my eares, why Madame, will not you follow  
your brother, you are waited for by great me, hcele bring  
you to him.

*Oria.* I me very wel my Lord, you do mistake me, if you  
thinke I affect greater company then your selfe.

*Gond.* What madnesse posselleth thee, that thou canst  
imagine me a fit man to entertaine Ladies; I tell thee, I do  
vse to teare their haire, to kick them, and to twidge their  
noses, if they be not carefull in auoiding me.

*Oria.* Your Lordship may descant vpon your owne be-  
hauior as please you, but I protest, so sweet and courtly it  
appeares in my eye, that I meane not to leaue you yet.

*Gond.* I shall grow rough.

*Oria.* A rough carriage is best in a man, Ile dine with  
you my Lord.

*Gond.* Why I will starue thee, thou shalt haue nothing.

*Oria.* I haue heard of your Lordships nothing, Ile put  
that to the venture.

*Gond.* Well,

# The Woman Hater.

*Gond.* Well, thou shalt haue meat, Ile send it to thee.

*Oria.* Ile keepe no state my Lord, neither doe I mourne,  
Ile dine with you.

*Gond.* Is such a thing as this allowed to liue :  
What power hath let thee loose vpon the earth  
To plague vs for our sinnes? out of my dores.

*Oria.* I would your Lordship did but see how well  
This furie doth become you, it doth shew  
So neere the life, as it were naturall.

*Gond.* O thou damn'd woman, I will flie the vengeance  
That hangs aboue thee, follow if thou dar'st.

*Exit Gondarino.*

*Oria.* I must not leauue this fellow, I will torment him to  
To teach his passions against kind to moue, (madnes,  
The more he hates, the more Ile seeme to loue.

*Exeunt Oriana and Maid.*

*Enter Pandar and Mercer a citizen.*

*Pand.* Sir, what may be done by art shal be done,  
I weare not this blacke cloake for nothing.

*Mer.* Performe this, helpe me to this great heire by learn-  
ing, and you shall want no blacke cloakes, taffaties, silke-  
grogerams, fattins & veluets are mine, they shalbe yours ;  
performe what you haue promised, & you shall make me  
a louer of Sciences, I will studie the learned languages, &  
keepe my shop-booke in Latine.

*Pand.* Trouble me not now, I will not fayle you within  
this houre at your shop.

*Mer.* Let Art haue her course.

*Exit Mercer.*

*Enter Curtezan.*

*Pand.* 'Tis well spoken, *Madona*.

*Mad.* Hast thou brought me any customers.

*Pan.* No.

*Ms.* What the deuill do'st thou in blacke.

*Pa.* As all solemne professors of settled courses, doe co-  
uer my knauery with it : will you marry a citizen, reaso-  
nably rich, and vnreasonably foolish, silkes in his shoppes,  
money in his purse, and no wit in his head?

# *The Woman Hater.*

*Ma.* Out vpon him, I could haue bin otherwise then so,  
there was a Knight swore hee would haue had mee, if I  
would haue lent him but forty shillings to haue redeem'd  
his cloake, to go to Church in.

*Pan.* Then your wastcoate wayter shall haue him, cal  
herin?

*Ma. Francesca?*

*Tr. Anone?*

*Ma.* Get you to the Church, and shriue your selfe,  
For you shalbe richly married anone.

*Pan.* And get you after her, I will worke vpon my citi-  
zen whilſt he is warme, I must not suffer him to consult  
with his neighbours, the openest fooles are hardly conſe-  
ned, if they once grow jealous.

*Excunt.*

*Finis Actus secundus.*

## *ACTVS III. SCENA I.*

*Enter Gondarins flying the Lady.*

*Gond.* Sauē me ye better powers, let me not fall  
Betweene the loose embracements of a woman :  
Heauen, if my sinnes be ripe growne to a head,  
And must attend your vengeance: I beg not to diuert my  
Or to repriue a while thy punishment (fate,  
Onely I craue, and heare me equall heauens,  
Let not your furious rodd, that must affliſt me,  
Be that imperfect pecce of nature,  
That arte makes vp, woman, vnsatiate woman.  
Had we not knowing soules, at ſirſt infus'd  
To teach a diſference, twixt extreames and goods?  
Were we not made our ſelues, free, vncouſin'd  
Commaunders of our owne affeſtions:  
And can it be, that this moſt imperfect creature,  
This image of his maker, well ſquar'd man,  
Should leauē the handfast, that he had of grace,  
To fall into a womans eaſie arimes.

*Enter Oriana.*

*Oriana.*

## *The Woman Hater.*

*Orian.* Now *Venus* be my speed, inspire me with all the  
seuerall subtill temptations, that thou hast already giuen,  
or hast in store hereafter to beslowe vpon our sexe: grant  
that I may apply that Phisicke that is most apt to worke  
vpon him: whether he will soonest bee mou'd with wan-  
tonnesse, singing, dauncing, or beeing passionate, with  
scorne, or with sad and serious lookes, cunningly mingled  
with sighes, with smiling, lisping, kissing the hand, and  
making short cursies; or with whatsoeuer other nimble  
power, he may bee caught: doe thou infuse into mee, and  
when I haue him, I will sacrifice him vp to thee.

*Gond.* It comes againe; new apparitions,  
And tempting spirits: Stand and reueale thy selfe,  
Tell why thou followest me? I feare thee  
As I feare the place thou camst from: Hell.

*Orian.* My Lord, I am a woman, and such a one---  
*Gond.* That I hate truely, thou hadst better bin a deuill.  
*Orian.* Why my vnpatient Lord? (women.  
*Gond.* Devils were once good, there they excel'd you.  
*Orian.* Can ye be so vneasie, can ye freeze, and  
Such a summers heat so ready  
To dissolue, nay gentle Lord, turne not away in scorne,  
Nor hold me leſſe faire then I am: looke on these checks,  
They haue yet enough of nature, true complexion,  
If to be red and white, a forehead hie,  
An easie melting lip, a speaking eie,  
And such a tongue, whose language takes the care  
Of strict religion, and men moſt austere:  
If these may hope to please, looke here.

*Gond.* This woman with entreaty wo'd show all,  
Lady there lies your way, I pray ye farewell.

*Orian.* Y'are yet to harsh, to diſſonant.

Ther's no true musicke in your words, my Lord.

*Gond.* What ſhall I giue thee to be gone?  
Heares ta, and tha wants lodging, take my house, tis big e-  
nough, tis thine owne, t'will hold ſiue lecherous Lords, &  
their lackies without diſcouery: ther's ſtoves and bathing  
tubbes.

*Oriana.*

# The Woman Hater.

Oria. Deare Lord : y'are too wild.

Gond. Shat haue a Doctor too, thou shat, 'bout sixe  
and twentie, tis a pleasing age; or I can helpe thee to a  
handsome vsher: or if thou lack'ft a page, ile giue thee one,  
preethe keepe house, and leaue mee.

Oria. I doe confess I am to easie, too much woman,  
Not coy enough to take affection,  
Yet I can frowne and nip a passion  
Euen in the bud : I can say  
Men please their present heates; Then please to leaue vs.  
I can hold off, and by my Chimmick power  
Draw Sonnets, from the melting louers braine,  
Aymees, and Elegies : yet to you my Lord  
My Loue, my better selfe, I put these off,  
Doing that office, not befits our sex,  
Entreat a man to ioue;  
Are ye not yet relenting, ha'ye bloud and Spirit  
In those veines, ye are no Image, though yee bee as hard.  
As marble, sure ye haue no lyuer, if ye had,  
Twould send a liuely and desiring heate  
To euery member; is not this miserable,  
A thing so truely formd, shapt out by Symetry,  
Has all the organs that belong to man,  
And working to, yet to shew all these  
Like dead motions mouing, vpon wyers,  
Then good my Lord, leaue off what you haue beene,  
And freely be what you were first entended for : a man.

Gond. Thou art a precious peece of sli damnation,  
I will be deasse, I will locke vp my cares,  
Tempt me not, I will not loue; if I doe,

Oria. Then ile hate you.

( Sunne,

Gond. Let me be noointed with hony, and turn'd into the  
To be stung to death with horse-flies,  
Hearst thou, thou breeder, here ile sit,  
And in despight of thee I will say nothing.

Oria. Let me with your faire patience, sit beside you?

Gond. Maddam, Ladie, tempter, tongue, wiman, ayre,  
Looke

# The Woman Hater.

Looke to me, I shall kicke; I say againe,  
Looke to me I shal kicke.

*Oria.* I cannot thinke your better knowledge can vse a  
woman so vnciuilly.

*Gond.* I cannot thinke, I shall become a coxcombe,  
To ha'my hare curl'd, by an idle finger,  
My cheekesturne Tabers, and be plaid vpon,  
Mine eyes lookt babies in, & my nose blowd to my hand,  
I say againe I shall kicke, sure I shall. (mind

*Oria.* Tis but your outside that you shew: I know your  
Neuer was guiltie of so great a weaknes,  
Or could the tongues of all men ioynd togeather  
Posseſſe me with a thought of your dislike  
My weaknes were aboue a womans, to fall off  
From my affection, for one cracke of thunder,  
O wo'd you could loue my Lord.

*Gond.* I wod thou wouldest sit still, and say nothing: what  
mad-man let thee loose to do more mischief then a dousen  
whirlwinds, keepe thy hands: in thy muffe, and warme the  
idle wormes in thy fingers ends will yee bee doing still,  
will no intreating ſerue yee, no lawfull warning, I muſt  
remoue and leauue your Ladiship; nay neuer hope to ſtay  
me, for I will runne, from that Smooth, Smiling, witching,  
Cousening, Tempting, Damning face of thine, as farre as  
I can find any land, where I will put my ſelfe into a daily  
course of Curses for thee, and all thy Familie.

*Oriana.* Nay good my Lord ſit still, ile promife peace  
And fould mine Armes vp, let but mine eye diſcourſe,  
Or let my voyce ſet to ſome pleafing corde, ſound out  
The ſullen ſtraines of my neglected loue.

*Gond.* Sing till thou cracke thy treble ſtring in peeces,  
And when thou haſt done, put vp thy pipes and walke,  
Doe any thing, ſit still and tempt me not.

*Oria.* I had rather ſing at dores for bread, then ſing to  
this fellow, but for hate: if this ſhould be told in the Court,  
that I begin to woe Lord: what a troop of the vndiſtrūt no-  
bility ſhould I haue at my lodgiſg to morrow morning.

## The Woman Hater.

Come sleepe, and with thy sweet deceining,  
Lock me in delight a while,  
Let some pleasing Dreames beguile  
All my fancies that from thence,  
I may feel an influence,  
All my powers of care bereauing.

Song.

Though but a shadow, but a flinding,  
Let me know some little joy,  
We that suffer long annoy  
Are consented with a thought  
Through an idle fancie wrought  
O let my joyes, haue some abiding.

Gond. Haue you done your wassayle, tis a handsome  
drowsie dittie ile assure yee, now I had as leeue here a  
Catte cry, when her taile is cutoff, as heare these lamenta-  
tions, these lowsie loue-layes, these bewaylements, you  
thinke you haue caught me Ladie, you thinke I melt now,  
like a dish of May butter, and runne, all into brine, and  
passion, yes, yes, I am taken, looke how I crosse my  
armes, looke pale, and dwyndle, and wo'd cry, but for  
spoyling my face, we must part, nay we'l auoyd all Cere-  
mony, no kissing Ladie, I desire to know your Ladiship  
no more; death of my soule the Duke.

Oria. God keepe your Lordship.

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Oria. Ile be the Clarke and crie Amen,  
Your Lordships euer assured enemie Oria.

Exit Oria, and Gondarino.

## Actus III Scena II.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.

Gond. All the dayes good, attend your Lordship.

Duke. We thanke you Gondarino, is it possible,  
Can beleef lay hold on such a miracle,  
To see thee, one that hath cloystred vp all passion,  
Turn'd wilfull votary, and forsworne, conuerse with wo-

men:

## The Woman Hater.

men in company and faire discourse, with the best beauty  
of Myllaine?

Gon. Tis true, and if your Grace that hath the sway  
Of the whole State, wil suffer this lewd sex,  
These women, to pursew vs to our homes,  
Not to be praid, nor to be rail'd away,  
But they will woe, and daunce, and sing,  
And in a manner, looser then they are  
By nature (which should seeme impossible)  
To throw their armes, on our vnwilling neckes.

Duk. No more, I can see through your visiore, dissemble  
Doe not I know thou hast vs'd all Arte, (it no more,  
To worke vpon the poore simplicitie  
Of this yong Maide, that yet hath knowne none ill?  
Thinkst that damnation will fright those that wooc  
From othes, and lies? but yet I thinke her chaste,  
And will from thee, before thou shalt apply  
Stronger temptations, beare her hence with mee.

Gond. My Lord, I speake not this to gaine new grace,  
But howsoeuer you esteeme my wordes,  
My loue and dutie will not suffer mee  
To see you fauour such a prostitute,  
And I stand by dumb; without Racket, Torture,  
Or Strappado, Ile vnrippe my selfe,  
I doe confesse I was in company, with that pleasing peece  
of frailtie, that we call woman; I doe confesse after a long  
and tedious seige, I yeelded.

Duk. Forward.

Gond. Faith my Lord to come quickly to the point, the  
woman you saw with me is a whore; an arrant whore,

Duk. Was shee not Count Valores Sister?

Gond. Yes, that Count Valores Sister is naught.

Duk. Thou darst not say so.

Gond. Not, if it be distafting to your Lordship, but giue  
mee freedome, & I dare maintaine, she ha's imbrac'd this  
body, and growne to it as close, as the hot youthfull vine  
to the elme.

# The Woman Hater.

Duk. Twice haue I seen her with thee, twice my thoghts  
were prompted by mine eye, to hold thy strictnesse false  
and imposterous: is this your mewing vp, your strict re-  
tirement, your bitterness and gaule against that sex: haue  
I not heard thee say, thou wouldest sooner meet the *Basilisks*  
dead doing eye, then meet a woman for an object: looke it  
be true you tell mee, or by our countries Saint your head  
goes off: if thou proue a whore, no womans face shal euer  
moue me more.

*Excunt.*

## *Manent Gondarino.*

Gond. So, so, 'tis as it should be, are women growne so  
mankind? Must they be wooing, I haue a plot shal blow  
her vp, shee flyes, shee mounts, Ile teach her Ladyship to  
dare my furie, I will be knowne and fear'd, and more truly  
hated of women then an Eunuchi. *Enter Oriana.*  
Shees here againe, good gaule be patient, for I must dis-  
semble.

Ori. Now my cold frostie Lord, my woman Hater, you  
that haue sworne an everlasting hate to all our sex: by my  
troth good Lord, and as I am yet a maid, my thoght twas  
excellent sport to heare your honour sweare out an Al-  
phabet, chafe nobly like a Generall, kicke like a resty jade  
and make ill faces: Did your good Honor thinke I was in  
loue? where did I first begin to take that heat? from those  
two radiant eyes, that piercing sight? oh they were louely,  
if the balls stood right; and there's a legge made out of a  
dainty staffe, Where the Gods be thanked, there is calfe  
ynough.

Gond. Pardon him Ladie that is now a conuertite,  
Your beautie like a Saint hath wrought this wonder.

Ori. Alas, ha's it beene prick't at the heart, is  
the stomacke come downe, will it rayle no more at  
women, and call 'em Diuels, shee Cattes, and Gob-  
blins.

Gond. Hee that shall marry thee, had better spend the  
poore remainder of his dayes in a Dang-barge, for  
two pence a weeke, and find himselfe:

Downe

## The Woman Hater.

Downe againe Spleene, I preethee downe againe, shall I  
find fauour Ladie? shall at length my true vntained pene-  
tence get pardon for my harsh vnseasoned follies? I am  
no more an Athiest, no, I doe acknowledge, that dread  
powrefull Deitie, and his allquickning heats, burne in my  
brest: oh be not as I was, hard, vnrelenting; but as I am, be  
partner of my Fires.

*Ori.* Sure we shall haue store of Larkes, the Skies will  
not hold vp long, I shoule haue looked as soone for frost  
in the dogge dayes, or an other Inundation, as hop'd this  
strange conuersion aboue myracle: let mee looke vpon  
your Lordship; is your name *Gondarino*, are you *Millaines*  
Generall, that great Bug-beare bloodie-bones, at whose  
very name all women, from the Ladie to the Landresse,  
shake like a cold fit.

*Gond.* Good patience helpe me, this Feuer will inrage  
my bloud againe: Maddam I am that man; I am euen hee,  
that once did owe vnreconciled hate to you, and all that  
beare the name of woman: I am the man, that wrong'd  
your honour to the Duke, I am hee that said you were vn-  
chast, and prostetute; yet I am he, that dare deny all this.

*Ori.* Your big Nobilitie is very merrie.

*Gond.* Lady tis true that I haue wrong'd you thus,  
And my Contrition is as true as that,  
Yet haue I found a meanes to make all good againe,  
I doe beseech your beautie, not for my selfe,  
My merrits are yet in conception,  
But for your honors safetie, and my zeale  
Retyre a while, whilst I vnsay my selfe vnto the Duke,  
And cast out that euill Spirit, I haue possest him with,  
I haue a house conueniently priuate.

*Ori.* Lord, thou hast wrong'd my innocence, but thy  
confession hath gain'd thee faith.

*Gond.* By the true honest seruice, that I owe those eyes,  
My meaning is as spotles as my faith.      Strangely,

*Ori.* The Duke doubt mine honour? a may iudge  
Twill not be long, before ile be enlarrg'd againe.

# The Woman Hater.

Gond. A day or two.

Orian. Mine own seruants shall attend me.

Gond. Your Ladiships commaund is good.

Orian. Looke you be true.

*Exit Orianas*

Gond. Ife let me lose the hopes my soule aspires to:  
I will be a scourge to all females in my life, and after my  
death, the name of *Gondarino* shall be terrible to the mighty  
women of the earth; they shall thake at my name, and at  
the sound of it, their knees shall knocke together; and they  
shall runne into Nunneries, for they and I are beyond all  
hope irreconcilable: for if I could endure an eare with a  
hole in't, or a pleated locke, or a bare-headed Coachman,  
that sits like a signe, where great Ladies are to bee sold  
within; agreement betwixt vs, were not to bee despaires  
of; if I could bee but brought to endure to see women, I  
would haue them come all once a weeke and kisse mee,  
where Witches doe the diuell in token of homage: I must  
not liue here, I wil to the Court, and there pursue my plot;  
when it hath tooke, women shall stand in awe, but of my  
looke.

*Exit.*

## ACTVS III. SCEN. III.

*Enter two Intelligencers, discouering treason in the Courtiers words.*

1. Intel. There take your standing, be close and vigilat,  
here will I set my selfe, and let him looke to his language,  
a shal know the Duke ha's more eares in Court than two.

2. Int. Ile quoth him to a tittle, let him speake wisely, and  
plainely, and as hidden as a can, or I shall crush him, a shal  
not scape charracters, though a speake Babel, I shall crush  
him: we haue a Fortune by this seruice hanging ouer vs,  
that within this yeare or two, I hope we shall be called to  
be examiners, weare politike gownes garded with cop-  
per lace, making great faces full of feare and office, our  
labours may deserue this.

1. Int. I hope it shall: why ha's not many men bin raised  
from this worming trade, first to gaine good accesse to  
great men, then to haue commissions out for search, and  
lastly,

# The Woman Hater.

lastly, to be worthily nam'd at a great Arraignment: yes, & why not we? they that indeauour well deserue their Fee. Close, close, a coines: marke well, and all goes well.

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his Boy.

Laz. Farewell my hopes, my Anchor now is broken,  
Farewell my quondam joyes, of which no token  
Is now remaining, such is the sad mischance,  
Where Lady Fortune leades the slippery daunce.  
Yet at the length, let me this fauour haue,  
Giue me my wishes, or a wished graue.

Count. The gods defend so braue and valiant mawe,  
Should slip into the neuer satiate jawe  
Of blacke Despaire; no, thou shalt liue and know  
Thy full desires, hunger thy auntient foe,  
Shall be subdued, thosc guts that daily tumble  
Through ayre and appetite, shall cease to rumble:  
And thou shalt now at length obtaine thy dish,  
That noble part, the sweet head of a fish.

Laz. Then am I greater then the Duke.

2. Int. There, there's a notable peece of treason, greater  
then the Duke, marke that.

Count. Buthow, or where, or when this shall bee com-  
pas'd, is yct out of my reach.

Laz. I am so truly miserable, that might I be now knockt  
ath' head, with all my heart I would forgine a dog-killer.

Count. Yet doe I see through this confusednes some lit-  
tle comfort.

Laz. The plot my Lord, as er'e you cam of a womā discouer.

1. Int. Plots, dangerous plots, I will deserue by this most  
liberally.

Count. 'Tis from my head againe.

Laz. O that it would stand mee, that I might fight, or  
haue some venture for it, that I might be turn'd loose, to  
try my Fortune amongst the whole frie in a Colledge, or  
an Inne of Court, or scrāble with the prisoners in the dun-  
geon; nay were it set downe in the owter court,  
And all the Guard about it in a ring,

With

# The Woman Hater.

With their kniues drawne, which were a dismall sight,  
And after twentie leisurely were told,  
I to be let loose, onely in my shirt,  
To trie the valour, how much of the spoile,  
I would recouer from the enemies mouthes:  
I would accept the challenge.

*Count.* Let it goe: hast not thou beeene held  
To haue some wit in the Court, and to make fine jests  
Vpon country people in progresse time, and  
Wilt thou loose this opinion, for the cold head of a Fish?  
I say, let it goe: Ile helpe thee to as good a dish of meat.

*Lazar.* God let me not liue, if I doe not wonder  
Men shoulde talke so prophanelly:  
But it is not in the power of loose wordes,  
Of any vaine or misbeleeuing man,  
To make me dare to wrong thy puritie.  
Shew me but any Lady in the Court,  
That hath so full an eie, so sweet a breath,  
So softe and white a flesh: this doth not lie  
In almond gloues, nor euer hath bin washt  
In artificiall bathes; no traueller  
That hath brought doctor home with him, hath dar'd  
With all his waters, powders, Fucusses,  
To make thy louely corpes sophisticate.

*Count.* I haue it, tis now infus'd, be comforted.

*Laz.* Can there be that little hope yet left in nature? shal  
I once more erect vp Trophies? shall I enjoy the sight of  
my deere Saint, and blesse my pallate with the best of  
creatures; ah good my Lord, by whom I breath again, shal  
I receiue this beeing?

*Count.* Sir, I haue found by certain calculation, and set-  
led resolution of the starres, the Fish is sent by the Lord  
Gondarino to his Mercer, now tis a growing hope to know  
where tis.

*Laz.* O tis farre aboue the good of women, the *Patricke*  
cannot yield more pleasing titylation.

*Count.* But how to compasse it, search, cast about, and  
hang

# The Woman Hater.

bang your braines, *Lazarello*, thou art to dull and heauy to deserue a blessing.

*Laz.* My Lord, I will not be idle; now *Lazarello*, thinke, thinke, thinke.

*Count.* Yonders my Informer  
And his fellow with table bookes, they nod at me  
Vpon my life, they haue poore *Lazarello* that beats  
His braines about no such waiglity matter, in for  
Treason before this--- (my selfe,

*Laz.* My Lord, what doe you thinke, if I shoule shauē  
Put on midwiues apparell, come in with a hand-kercher,  
And beg a peece for a great bellied womā, or a sick child?

*Count.* Good, very good.

*Laz.* Or corrupt the waiting prentise to betray there-  
uersion.

1. *Int.* Ther's another point in's plot, corrupt with mo-  
ney to betray: sure 'tis some Fort a meanes: marke, haue a  
care.

*Laz.* And 'twere the bare vineger 'tis eaten with, it  
would in some sort satisfie nature: but might I once at-  
taine the dish it selfe, though I cut out my meanes through  
swords and fire, through poison, through any thing that  
may make good my hopes.

2. *Int.* Thankes to the gods, and our officiousnes, the  
plots discouerd, fire, Steele, and poison, burne the Palace,  
kill the Duke, and poison his priuie Counsell.

*Co.* To the mercers, let me see: how if before we can attain  
the means, to make vp our acquaintāce, the fish be eaten?

*Laz.* If it be eaten, here a stāds, that is the most deiected,  
most vnsfortunate, miserable, accursed, forsaken slauē, this  
Prouince yeeldes: I will not sure outlive it, no I will die  
brauely, and like a Roman; and after death, amidst the E-  
lizian shades, Ile meete my loue againe.

1. *Int.* I will die brauely, like a Roman: haue a care, mark  
that: when he hath done all, he will kill himselfe.

*Count.* Will nothing ease your appetite but this?

*Laz.* No could the sea throw vp his vassesse,

F

And

# The Woman Hater.

And offer free his best inhabitants: 'twere not so much as  
a bare temptation to me.

*Count.* If you could be drawne to affect Beef, Venison,  
or Fowle, two ild be farre the better.

*Laz.* I doe beseech your Lordships patience,  
I doe confess that in this heat of bloud,  
I haue contemn'd all dull and grosser meats,  
But I protest, I doe honor a Chine of beefe,  
I doe reuerence a loyne of veale,  
But good my Lord, giue me leaue a little to adore this:  
But my good Lord, would your Lordship vnder colour  
of taking vp some silkes, goe to the Mercers, I would in  
all humilitie attend your honor, where we may be invited,  
if Fortune stand propitious.

*Count.* Sir you shall worke me as you please.

*Laz.* Let it be suddenly, I doe beseech your Lordship,  
'tis now vpon the point of dinner time.

*Count.* I am all yours. *Exeunt Lazarelllo and Count.*

1. *In.* Come let vs conferre,  
Inprimis a saith like a blasphemous villaine, he is greater  
thē the Duke, this pepers him, & there were nothin g else.

2. *In.* Then a was naming plots; did yee not heare?

1. *In.* Yes but a fell from that, vnto discouery, to cor-  
rupt by money, and so attaine.

2. *In.* I, I, a meant some Fort, or Syttadell the Duke  
hath, his very face betrayd his meaning, O hee is a very  
subtil and a dangerous knaue, but if a deale a Gods name  
we shall worme him.

1. *In.* But now comes the Stroake, the fatall blow,  
Fire, sword, & Poyson, O Canibal, thou bloody Canibal.

2. *In.* What had become of this poore state, had not  
we beene?

1. *In.* Faith it had lyen buried in his owne ashes; had  
not a greater hand beene in't.

2. *In.* But note the Rascals resolution, after th' a'st done,  
because a wo'd auoid al feare of torture, and cousen the  
Law, a wo'd kill himselfe? was there euer the like danger,  
brought to light in this age? sure we shall merite much, we  
shalbe able to keep two men a peece, & a two hand sword  
between

# The Woman Hater.

between vs, we will liue in fauour of the State, betray our  
ten or twelue treasons a weeke, and the people shall feare  
vs: come, to the Lord *Lucio*, the Sunne shall not goe down  
till a be hanged.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus 3. Scena. 4.

*Enter Mercer.*

*Mer.* Looke to my shop, & if there come euer a Scholler  
in blacke, let him speake with me, we that are shop-kee-  
pers in good trade, are so pestered, that we can scarfe pick  
out an houre for our mornings meditation: & howsoeuer  
we are all accounted dull, and common iesting stocks, for  
your gallants; there are some of vs, doe not deserue it: for  
for my own part, I doe begin to bee giuen to my booke, I  
loue a scholler with my heart; for questionles there are  
meruelous things to bee done by Arte: why sir, some of  
the wil tel you what is become of horses, & siluer spones,  
& wil make wenchs dance naked to their beds: I am yet  
vnmarried, and because some of our neighbours are said  
to be Cuckoldes, I will neuer marrie without the consent  
of some of these schollers, that know what will cōe of it.

*Pan.* Are you busie sir?

*Enter Pandar.*

*Mer.* Neuer to you sir, nor to any of your coate.

Sir is there any thing to bee done by Art, concerning the  
great heire we talked on?

*Pan.* Will shee, will shee? shee shall come running into  
my house at the farther corner, in Sa. Markes street, be-  
twixt three and foure.

(is shee not?)

*Mer.* Betwixt three and foure? shee's braue in clothes;

*Pan.* O rich! rich! where should I get clothes to dresse  
her in? help me inuention: Sir, that her running through  
the streete, may be lesse noted, my Arte more shoun, and  
your feare to speake with her lesse, shee shall come in a  
white wastcote, And---

*Mer.* What shall shee?

*Pan.* And perhaps torne stockings, she hath left her old  
wount else.

*Enter Prentise.*

*Pren.* Sir my Lord *Gonde*, hath sent you a rare fish head.

*Mer.* It comes right, all things sute right with me, since I

## The Woman Hater.

began to loue schollers, you shall haue it home with you, against she come : carrie it to this Gentleman's houe.

**Pan.** The faire white house at the farther Corner at S. Marks street, make hast, I must leaue you too Sir. I haue two howers to studdie; buy a new Axidens, & plye your booke, and you shall want nothing, that all the schollers in the Towne can doe for you. *Exit Pandar.*

**Mer.** Heauen prosper both our studdies, what a dull flauue was I, before I fell in loue with this learning ? not worthy to tread vpon the earth, and what fresh hopes it iath put into me ? I doe hope within this twelue moneth, to be able by Arte, to serue the Court with silkes, and not vndoe my selfe; to trust knights, and yet get in my money againe; to keepe my wife braue, and yet she keepe no boodie else, so.

*Enter Count, and Lazarillo.*

Your Lordship is most honorably welcome, in regard of your Nobilitie, but most especially in regard of your schollership : did your Lordship come openly ?

**Count.** Sir this cloake keepes mee priuate, besides no man will suspect me to bee in the companie of this Gentleman, with whome, I will desire you to bee acquainted, he may proue a good customer to you.

**Laza.** For plaine silkes and veluets.

**Mer.** Are you scholaisticall ?

**Laza.** Something adicted to the Muses.

**Count.** I hope they will not dispute.

**Mer.** You haue no skil in the black Arte? *Enter a Pren.*

**Pren.** Sir yonders a Gentleman, enquires hastily for Count Valore.

**Count.** For me? what is he ?

**Pren.** One of your followers my Lord I thinke.

**Count.** Let him come in.

**Mer.** Shall I talke with you in priuat Sir ?

*Enter a Messenger with a Letter to the Count. he reads.*

**Count.** Count Come to the Gourt, your busines calls you thither, I will goe, farewel Sir, ile see your silkes some other time: *Farewell Lazarillo.*

*Mer.*

# The Woman Hater.

*Mer.* Will not your Lordshippe take a peece of Beefe with mee?

*Count.* Sir I haue greater busynesse then eating; I will leauue this gentlewā with you. *Exeunt Count. & mer.*

*Laza.* No, no, no, no: now doe I feele that straïnd strug-  
ling within me, that I thinke I could prophesie.

*Mer.* The Gentleman is meditating.

*Laza.* Hunger, valour, Loue, ambition, are alike pleasing, and let our Philosophers say what they will, are one kind of heat, onely hunger is the safest, ambition is apt to fall; Loue and valour are not free from dangers, onely hunger, begotten of some olde limber Courtier, in pan'd hose, and nurs'd by an Attornies wife, now so thryuen, that he need not feare to be of the great Turkes garde: is so free from al quarrells, and dangers, so ful of hopes, ioyes, and ticklings, that my life is not so deere to mee, as his acquaintance. *Enter Lazarelloes Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, the fish head is gone.

*Laza.* Then be thou henceforth dumbe, with thy ill bo-  
Farewell *Malline*, fare well noble Duke, (ding voyce  
Farewell my fellow Courtiers all, with whome,  
I haue of yore made many a scrambling meale  
In corners, behind Arasses, on staires,  
And in the action often times haue spoild,  
Our Dublets and our hose, with liquid stusse:  
Farewell you lustie archers of the Guard,  
To whome I now doe giue the bucklers vp,  
And neuer more with any of your coate  
Will eate for wagers, now you happie be,  
When this shall light vpon you, thinke on me:  
You Sewers, caruers, vshers of the Court  
Surnamed gentle, for your faire demeane,  
Here I doe take of you my last ferewell,  
May you stand stify in your proper places,  
And execute your offices aright.  
Farewell you maidens, with your mother eke,  
Ferewell you courtly Chaplaines that be there,  
All good attend you, may you neuer more

## The Woman Hater.

Marry your Patrons Ladies wayting-woman,  
But may you rays'd bee; by this my fall  
May Lazarillo suffer for you all.

*Mer.* Sir, I was harkening to you.

*Laz.* I will heare nothing; I will breake my knife, the  
ensigne of my former happie state, knocke out my teeth,  
haue them hung at a Barbers, and enter into Religion.

*Boy.* Why Sir, I think, I knowe whether it is gon.

*Laz.* See the rashnesse of man in his nature; whither?  
whither? I doe vnsay al that I haue said, goe on, goe on: Boy,  
I humble my selfe and follow thee; Farewell sir.

*Mer.* Not so Sir, you shal take a peece of Beefe with me.

*Laz.* I cannot stay.

*Mer.* By my fay, but you shall Sir; in regard of your loue  
to learning, and your skill in the blacke Arte.

*Laz.* I do hate learning, and I haue no skill in the blacke  
Arte; I would I had.

*Mer.* Why your desire is sufficient to me, you shall stay.

*Laz.* The most horrible, and detested curies that can be  
imagined; light vpon all the professors of that Arte; may  
they be drunke, & when they goe to cōjure, & reele in the  
Circle, may the Spirits by them rais'd, teare am in peeces,  
and hang their quarters on old broken walles, and Steeple  
tops.

*Mer.* This speech of yours, shewes you to haue some  
skill in the Science, wherefore in ciuitie, I may not suffer  
you to depart emptie.

*Laz.* My stomacke is vp, I cannot indure it, I will fight  
in this quarrell, as soone as for my Prince.

Roome, make way :

Hunger commaunds, my valour must obey. *Exeunt Om.*

*Finis Act. 3.*

## ACTVS IIII SCENA I.

*Enter Count, and Arrigo.*

*Count.* Is the Duke priuate?]

*Arrigo.* He

# The Woman Hater.

*Arr.* He is alone, but I thinke your Lordship may enter.

*Exit Count. Enter Gondarino.*

*Gond.* Who's with the Duke?

*Arr.* The Count is newe gone in, but the Duke will come forth, before you can be weary of waiting.

*Gond.* I will attend him here.

*Arr.* I must wait without the dore.

*Exit Amigo*

*Gond.* Doth he hope to cleare his sister, shee will come no more to my house, to laugh at me: I haue sent her to a habitation, where when she shal be seene, it wil set a glosse vpon her name; yet vpon my soule I haue bestowed her amongst the purest hearted creatures of her sexe, and the freest from dissimulation; for their deedes are all alike, only they dare speake, what the rest thinke: the women of this age, if there bee any degrees of comparison amongst their sexe, are worse then those of former times; for I haue read of women, of that trueth, spirit, and constancy, that were they now liuing, I should indure to see them: But I feare the writers of the time, belied them, for how familiar a thing is it with the Poets of our age, to extoll their whores, which they call mistresses, with heauenly praises? but I thanke their furies, and their craz'd braines, beyond beleefe: nay how many that would faine seeme serious, haue dedicated graue works to ladies tooth-lesse, hollow ei'd, their haire shedding, purplefac'd, their nayles apparantly comming off; and the bridges of their noses broken downe; and haue called the choyse handy workes of nature, the patterns of perfection, and the wondermēt of women. Our women begin to swarne like Bees in Summer: as I came hither, there was no payre of stayers, no entry, no lobbey, but was pestered with them: mee thinkes there might bee some course taken to destroy them.

*Enter Arrigo, and an old deaf countrey gentlewoman  
sute to the Duke.*

*Arrigo.* I doe accept your money, walke here, and when the Duke comes out, you shall haue fit opportunitie to deliuer

# The Woman Hater.

deliuer your petition to him.

Gentle~~w~~. I thanke you heartily, I pray you who's he that walkes there?

Arr. A Lord, and a Souldier, one in good fauor with the Duke; if you could get him to deliuer your Petition---

Gentle~~w~~. What do you say Sir?

Arr. If you could get him to deliuer your petition for you, or to second you, 'twere sure.

Gentle~~w~~. I hope I shall liue to requite your kindnes.

Arrig. You haue already.

Exit Arrigo

Gentle~~w~~. May it please your Lordship—

Gond. No, No.

Gentle~~w~~. To consider the estate— Gond. No.

Gentle~~w~~. Of a poore oppressed Country Gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not please my Lordship.

Gentle~~w~~. First and foremost, I haue had great injurie, then I haue beene brought vp to the Towne three times.

Gond. A poxe on him, that brought thee to the Towne.

Gentle~~w~~. I thanke your good Lordship heartily; though I cannot heare well, I knowe it grieues you; and heare wee haue beene delaide, and sent downe againe, and fetched vp againe, and sent downe againe, to my great charge; And now at last they haue fetched mee vppe, and fiue of my daughters—

Gond. Enough to damne fiue worldes.

Gentle~~w~~. Handsome young women, though I say it, they are all without, if it please your Lordship, Ile call them in.

Gond. Fiue women! how many of my fences should I haue left me then? call in fiue Diuels first.

No, I will rather walke with thee alone,

And heare thy tedious tale of injurie,

And give thee answeres; whisper in thyne eare,

And make thee understand; through thy French-hood:

And all this with tame patience.

Gentle~~w~~. I see your Lordship does belieue, that they are without, and I perceiue you are much mou'd at our injurie: her's a paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away

## The Woman Hater.

Gond. Away.

Gentlew. It may bee you had rather here mee tell it v<sup>is</sup>us  
voce, as they say.

Gond. O no, no, no, no, I haue heard it before.

Gentlew. Then you haue heard of enoug<sup>h</sup> injurie, for a  
poore Gentlewoman to receiue.

Gond. Neuer, neuer, but that it troubles my conscience, to  
wish any good to those women; I could afford them to bee  
valiant, and able, that it might be no disgrace for a Souldier  
to beat them.

Gentlew. I hope your Lordship will deliu<sup>r</sup> my petition  
to his grace, and yoo may tell him withall.

Gond. What, I will deliu<sup>r</sup> any thing against my selfe, to  
be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday, about three a clocke, in the after  
noone, I met my aduerfarie.

Gond. Giue me thy paper, he can abide no long tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very short my Lord, and I demaunding of  
him.

Gond. Ile tell him that shal serue thy turne.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Ile tell him that shal serue thy turne, be gone: man  
never doth remember how great his offences are, till hee  
doe meet with one of you, that plagues him for them:  
why should women only aboue all other creatures that  
were created for the benefit of man, haue the vse of speech?  
or why should any deed of theirs, done by their fleshly ap-  
petites, be disgracefull to their owners? nay, why should  
not an act done by any beast I keepe, against my consent,  
disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. Here's some few Angels for your Lordship.

Gond. Againe? yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall haue them.

Gond. Keepe off.

Gentlew. A small gratuit for your kindnesse.

Gond. Hold away.

Gent. Why then I thank your Lordship, Ile gather the vp

## The Woman Hater.

againe, and Ile bee sworne, it is the first money, that was refus'd, since I came to the court.

*Gond.* What can she devise to say more?

*Gentlewo.* Truely I would haue willingly parted with them to you: Lordship.

*Gond.* I beleue it, I beleue it.

*Gentlewo.* But since it is thus---

*Gond.* More yet.

*Gentlewo.* I will attend without, and expect an answere.

*Gond.* Doe, begone, and thou shalt expect, and haue any thing, thou shalt haue thy answere from him; and he were best to giue thee a good one at first, for thy deafe importunitie, will conquer him too, in the end.

*Gent.* God blesse your Lordship, & all that fauour poore distressed country gentlewoman. *Exit Gentlewoman.*

*Gond.* All the diseases of man, light vpon them that doe, and vpon me when I doe; a weeke of such daises, would either make me starke mad, or tame mee: yonder other woman that I haue surc enough, shall answer for thy sinnes: dare they incense me still, I will make them feare as much to be ignorant of mee and my moodes, as men are to bee ignorant of the lawe they liue vnder. Who's there? My blood grew cold, I began to feare my Suters returne; tis the Duke.

*Enter the Duke and the Count.*

*Count.* I know her chaste, though she be yong & free,  
And is not of that forc'd behauour  
That many others are, and that this Lord,  
Out of the boundlesse malice to the sexe,  
Hath throwne this scandall on her.

*Gond.* Fortune, befriended mee against my will, with this good old country gentlewoman; I beseech your grace, to view fauourably the petition of a wrōged gentlewoman.

*Duke.* What *Gondarino*, are you become a petitioner for your enemies?

*Gond.* My Lord, they are no enemies of mine, I confesse the better to couer my deeds, which sometimes were loose enough,

## *The Woman Hater.*

enough, I pretended it, as it is wisdome, to keepe close our incontinencie; but since you haue discouered me, I will no more put on that vizar, but will as freely open all my thoughts to you, as to my Confessor.

*Duke.* What say you to this?

*Count.* He that confesses, he did once dissemble, Ile neuer trust his wordes, can you imagine A maide, whose beauty could not suffer her To liue thus long vntempted, by the noblest, Richest, and cunningst masters in that Arte, And yet hath euer held a faire repute; Could in one morning, and by him be brought, To forget all her vertue, and turne whore?

*Gond.* I would I had some other talke in hand, Then to accuse a sister to her brother; Nor doe I meane it for a publike scandall, Vnlesse by vrging me, you make it so.

*Duke.* I will read this at better leisure: *Gondarino*, where is the Lady?

*Count.* At his house.

*Gond.* No, shee is departed thence.

*Count.* Whither?

*Gond.* Vrge it not thus, or let me be excus'd, If what I speake betray her chastitie, And both increase my sorrow, and your owne.

*Count.* Feare me not so, if shee deserue the fame Which shee hath gotten, I would haue it publisht, Brand her my selfe, and whip her through the cittie: I wish those of my blood that doe offend, Should be more strictly punisht, then my foes. Let it be prooued.

*Duke.* *Gondarino*, thou shalt proue it, or suffer worse then shee should doe.

*Gond.* Then pardon me, if I betray the faults Of one, I loue more deerely then my selfe, Since opening hers, I shall betray myne owne: But I will bring you, where shee now intends

# The Woman Hater.

Not to be vertuous: pride and wantonnesse,  
That are true friends indeed, though not in shew,  
Haue entred on her heart, there shee doth bath,  
And sleeke her haire, and practise cunning lookes,  
To entertaine me with; and hath her thoughts  
As full of lust, as euer you did thinke  
Them full of modestie.

Duk. Gondarino, lead on, wee'l follow thee.

Exeunt,

## Actvs III. Scen. II.

Enter Pandar.

Pan. Here hope I to meeete my citizen, and here hopes  
he to meeete his scholler; I am sure I am graue enough, to  
his eies, and knaue enough to deceiue him: I am beleueed  
to conjure, raise stormes, and diuels, by whose power I  
can doe wonders; let him beleue so still, beleefe hurts  
no man: I haue an honest blacke cloake, for my knaue-  
rie, and a Generall pardon for his foolerie, from this  
present day, till the day of his Breaking. Is not a mis-  
erie, and the greatest of our age, to see a handsome, young,  
faire enough, and well mounted wench, humble her selfe,  
in an old stammell petticoate, standing possell of no more  
fringe then the street can allow her: her vpper parts so  
poore and wanting, that yee may see her bones through  
her bodies: shooes she would haue, if her captaine were  
come ouer, and is content the while to deuote her selfe to  
antiēt slippers. These premisses wel cōsidered, gentlemē  
will mooue, they make me melt I promise yee, they stirre  
me much; and were't not for my smooth, soft, silken Citi-  
zen, I would quit this transitorie trade, get mee an euerla-  
sting robe, seare vp my conscience, and turne Seriaunt.  
But here a comes, is mine as good as prize: Sir Pandarus  
be my speed, ye are most filly met sir.

Enter Mercer.

Mercur. And you as wel encountred, what of this heire?  
hath

## The Woman Hater.

hath your bookees beeene propitious?

*Pan.* Sir, 'tis done, shees come, shee is in my house, make your selfe apt for Courtship, stroke vp your stockings, loose not an inch of your legges goodnesse; I am sure yee weare socks.

*Merc.* There your bookees faile ye Sir, in truth I weare no socks.

*Pand.* I would ye had Sir, it were the sweeter grace for your legges; get on your gloues, are they perfum'd?

*Merc.* A pretty wash Ile assur you.

*Pand.* 'Twill serue: your offers must be full of bounty, veluets to furnish a gowne, silkes for petticoats and fore-parts, shag for linings; forget not some pretty jewell to fasten, after some little complement: if shee deny this curtesie, double your bounties, be not wanting in abundance, fulnesse of guistes, linckt with a pleasing tongue, will winne an Anchorite. Sir, yee are my friende, and friende to all that professes good letters; I must not vse this office else, it fits not for a scholler, and a gentleman: those stockings are of Naples, they are silke?

*Merc.* Ye are againe beside your text; sir, they are a the best of wooll, and they cleped jersey.

*Pan.* Sure they are very deare?

*Merc.* Nine shillings, by my loue to learning.

*Pan.* Pardon my iudgement, wee schollers vse no other obiects, but their bookees.

*Mercer.* There is one thing intomb'd in that graue breast, that makes mee equally admire it with your schollership.

*Pan.* Sir, but that in modestie I am bound not to affect mine own commendation, I would inquire it of you?

*Merc.* Sure you are very honest, and yet yee haue a kind of modest feare to shew it: doe not deny it, that face of yours, is a worthy learned modest face.

*Pan.* Sir, I can blush.

*Merc.* Virtue and Grace are alwaies paire together: but I will leaue to stir your blood Sir, and now to our busines.

# The VVoman Hater.

Pan. Forget not my instructions.

Mer. I apprehend ye Sir, I will gather my selfe together, with my best phrases, and so I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pan. This was well worded Sir, and like a Scholer.

Mer. The Muses fauor me as my entents are vertuous; Sir ye shall be my tutor, tis neuer to late Sir to loue learning: when I can once speake true latine —

Pan. What do you intend Sir?

Mer. Marry I will then begger all your Bawdy writers, and vndertake at the perrill of my owne inuention, all Pageants, poesies for Chimnies, Speeches for the Dukes entertainment, whensoeuer and whatsoeuer; nay I will builde at mine owne charge, an Hospitall, to which shall retyer, all diseased opinions, all broken Poets, all Prose-men that are fallen from small fense, to meere letters; and it shall be lawfull, for a Lawyer, if he bee a ciuill man, though a haue vndone others & himselfe by the language; to retyre to this poore life, and learne to be honest.

Pan. Sir ye are very good, and very charitable: ye are a true patterne for the Citie Sir.

Mer. Sir, I do knowe sufficiently their shop-bookes cannot saue them, there is a further end---

Pan. Oh: Sir much may be done by manuscript.

Mer. I do confesse it Sir, provided still they be canonick, and haue some worthy handes set to vni for probation: but we forget our selues.

Pan. Sir enter when you please, and all good language typpe your tongue.

Mer. All that loue learning pray for my good successe.

Exit Merer.

## Act vs IIII Scena III.

Enter Lazarello and his Boy.

Laz. Boy, where abouts are we?

Boy. Sir by all tokens this is the house, bawdy I am sure by the broken windowes, the fish head is within, if ye dare venture

## The Woman Hater.

venture, here you may surprise it.

*Laza.* The miserie of man may fitly bee compared to a Didapper, who when shee is vnder water past our sight, and indeed can seeine no more to vs, rises againe, iakes but her selfe, and is the same she was; so is it stil with transitorie man, this day : oh but an howre since, & I was mighty, mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes, mighty in blessed meanes, and was so truly happie, that I durst a said, liue *Lazarello*, and be satisfied: but now--

*Boy.* Sir ye are yet a flote and may recouer, be not your owne wracke, here lies the harbor, goe in and ride at ease.

*Laza.* Boy I am receiued to be a Gentleman, a Courtier, and a man of Action, modest, and wise, and bee it spoken with thy reuerence Child, abounding vertous; and wouldst thou haue a man of these choise habits, couet the couer of a baudy house? yet if I goe not in, I am but--

*Boy.* But what Sir?

*Laza.* Dust boy, but dust, and my soule vnsatisfied shall haunt the keepers of my blessed Saint, and I will appeare.

*Boy.* An Asse to all men; Sir these are no meanes, to stay your appetite, you must resolute to enter.

*Laza.* Were not the house subiect to Martiall law--

*Boy.* If that be all, Sir ye may enter, for ye can know nothing here, that the Court is ignorant of, onely the more eyes shall looke vpon yee, for there they winck one at anothers faults.

*Laza.* If I doe not,

*Boy.* Then ye must beat fairely backe againe, fal to your phisical messe of porridge, & the twice fackt carcase of a Capon, Fortune may fauour you so much, to send the bread to it: but its a meere venture, and money may bee put out vpon it.

*Laza.* I will goe in and liue; pretend some loue to the gentlewoman, screw my self in affectiō, & so be satisfied.

*Pan.* This flie is caught, is masht alreadie, I will suffe him, and lay him by.

*Boy.*

## The Woman Hater.

*Boy.* Muffle youz selfe in your cloake by any meanes, 'tis a receiued thing among gallants, to walke to their leacherie, as though they had the rhume, 'twas well you brought not your horse.

*Laza.* Why boy?

*Boy.* Faith Sir tis the fashion of our gentry, to haue their horses wait at dore like men, while the beasts their masters, are within at racking & mainger, 'twould haue discouered much.

*Laza.* I will lay by these habits, formes, and graue respects of what I am, and bee my selfe; onely my appetite, my fire, my soule, my being, my deere appetite shall goe along with me, arm'd with whose strength, I feareles wil attempt the greatest danger dare oppose my furie: I am resolu'd where euer that thou art, most sacred dish, hid from vnhollowed eyes, to find thee out.

Bee'st thou in hell, rap't by *Proserpina*,

To be a Riuall in blacke *Plutoe*; loue:

Or moues thou in the heauens, a forme diuine:

Lasking the lazie Spheres:

Or if thou beeſt return'd to thy first being,

Thy mother Sea, there will I ſeeke thee forth,

Earth, Ayre, nor Fire,

Nor the blacke shades belowe, ſhall barre my ſight,

So daring is my powerfull appetite.

*Boy.* Sir, you may ſaue this long voyage, and take a ſhorter cut, you haue forgot your ſelf, the fish head's here, your owne imaginations haue made you mad.

*Laza.* Tearme it a iealous fui ie good my boy.

*Boy.* Faith Sir tearme it what you will, you muſt uſe other tearmes ere you can get it.

*Laza.* The lookeſ of my ſweet loue are faire, Fresh and feeding as the Ayre.

*Boy.* Sir, you forget your ſelfe.

*Laza.* Was neuer ſeene ſo rare a head, Of any Fish aliue or dead.

*Boy.* Good Sir rememb'r, this is the house Sir..

*Laza.*

# The Woman Hater.

*Laz.* Cursed be he that dare not venter.

*Boy.* Pitty your selfe sir, and leaue this furie.

*Laz.* For such a prize, and so I enter.

*Exit Lazarello, and Boy.*

*Pan.* Dun'sith myre, get out againe how a can:  
My honest gallant, Ile shew you one tricke more  
Then ere the foole your father dreamd of yet.

*Madona Julia?*

*Enter Madona Julia, a whore.*

*Julia.* What newes my sweete rogue, my deere sinnes  
Broker, what? good newes?

*Pan.* There is a kinde of ignorant thing, much like a  
Courtier, now gone in.

*Jul.* Is a gallant?

*Pan.* A shynes not very gloriously, nor does a weare  
one skinne perfum'd to keepe the other sweet; his coate  
is not in or, nor does the world run yet on wheeles with  
him; is rich enough, and has a small thing followes him,  
like to a boate tied to a tall ships taile: giue him entertain-  
ment, be light and flashing like a Meteor, hug him about  
the necke, giue him a kisse, and lisping crie, good Sirs and  
is thine owne, as fast as a were tied to thine armes, by In-  
dentures.

*Jul.* I dare doe more then this, if a bee a the true Court  
cut; Ile take him out a lesson worth the learning: but wee  
are but their Apes; whats he worth?

*Pan.* Be he rich, or poore, if he will take thee with him,  
thou maist vse thy trade free from Constables, and Mar-  
shals: who hath bin here since I went out?

*Jul.* There is a gentlewoman sent hither by a Lord,  
shee's a peece of dainty stuffe my rogue, smooth, and soft,  
as new Satten; shee was neuer gumb'd yet boy, nor fret-  
ted.

*Pan.* Where lies shee?

*Jul.* Shee lies aboue, towards the street, not to be spoke  
with, but by the Lord that sent her, or some from him, we  
haue in charge from his seruants.

# The VVoman Hater.

*Pas.* Peace, a comes out againe vpon discouery; vp with all your canuas, hale him in ; and when thou hast done, clap him a board brauely, my valiant Pinnace.

*Iul.* Begone, I shall doe reason with him.

*Laz.* Are you the speciall beauty of this house?

*Iul.* Sir, you haue giuen it a more speciall regard by your good language, then these blacke brows can merit.

*Laz.* Lady you are faire.

*Iul.* Faire sir? I thanke yee; all the poore meanes I haue left to be thought gratefull, is but a kisse, and ye shall haue it Sir.

*Laz.* Ye haue a very moouing lip.

*Iul.* Prooue it againe Sir, it may bee your sence was set too high, & so ouer wrought it selfe.

*Laz.* 'Tis still the same: how farre may ye hold the time to be spent Lady?

*Iul.* Foure a clocke sir.

*Laz.* I haue not eate to day.

*Iul.* You will haue the better stomacke to your supper; in the meane time, Ile feed ye with delight.

*Laz.* 'Tis not so good vpon an emptie stomacke: if it might be without the trouble of your house, I would eate?

*Iul.* Sir, we can haue a Capon ready.

*Laz.* The day?

*Iul.* 'Tis Friday Sir.

*Laz.* I doe eat little flesh vpon these daies.

*Iul.* Come sweet, ye shall not thinke on meat; Ile drown it with a better appetite.

*Laz.* I feele it worke more strangely, I must eate.

*Iul.* 'Tis now too late to send; I say ye shall not thinke on meat: if ye doe, by this kisse Ile be angry.

*Laz.* I could be farre more sprightfull, had I eaten, and more lasting.

*Iul.* What wil ye haue Sir? name but the Fish, my maid shall bring it, if it may be got.

*Laz.* Me thinks your house should not be so vnfurnisht, as not to haue some pretty modicum?

*Iul.* It

## The Woman Hater.

*Iul.* It is so now: but cou'd ye stay till supper?

*Laz.* Sure I haue offended highly and much, and my infi-  
ctions make it manifest, I will retire henceforth, and  
keep my chamber, liue priuatly, and die forgotten.

*Iul.* Sir I must craue your pardō, I had forgot my selfe;  
I haue a dish of meat within, & it is fish, I think this Duke-  
dome holds not a daintier: tis an *Umbranoes* head.

*Laz.* Lady, this kisse is yours, and this.

*Iul.* Hoe? within there? couer the board, and set the fish  
head on it.

*Laz.* Now am I so truely happy, so much aboue all fate  
and fortune, that I should despise that man, durst say, Re-  
member *Laz.* *rello*, thou art mortall.

*Ester Intelligencers with a Guard.*

*2. Int.* This is the villaine, lay hands on him.

*Laz.* Gentlemen, why am I thus intreated? what is the  
nature of my crime?

*2. Int.* Sir, though you haue carried it a great while pri-  
uatly, and (as you thinke) well; yet we haue seene your Sir,  
and we doe know thee *Lazarello*, for a traitor.

*Laz.* The gods defend our Duke.

*2. Int.* Amen. Sir, Sir, this cannot saue that stiffe necke  
from the halter.

*Iul.* Gentlemen, I am glad you haue discouer'd him, a  
should not haue eaten vnder my roofe for twenty poūds;  
and surely I did not like him, when a cal'd for Fish.

*Laz.* My friends, will ye let me haue that little fauour--

*1. Int.* Sir, ye shall haue law, and nothing else.

*Laz.* To let me stay the eating of a bit or two, for I pro-  
test I am yet fasting?

*Iul.* Ile haue no traitor come within my house.

*Lazar.* Nowe could I wish my selfe, I had beene  
Traitor, I haue strength enough for to endure it, had I  
but patience: Man thou art but grasse, thou art a bubble,  
and thou must perish.

Then lead along, I am prepar'd for all,  
Since I haue lost my hopes, welcome my fall.

# The Woman Hater.

2. Int. Away sir.

Laz. As thou hast hope of man, stay but this dish this two houres, I doubt not but I shall be discharged: by this light I will marry thee.

Iul. You shall marry me first then?

Laz. I doe contract my selfe vnto thee nowe, before these gentlemen.

Iul. Ile preserue it till you be hangd, or quitted.

Laz. Thankes, thankes.

2. Int. Away, away, you shall thanke her at the gallows.

Laz. Adiew, adiew.

Exeunt Lazar. 2. Intell. and Guard.

Iul. If he liue, Ile haue him; if he be hang'd, there's no losse in it.

Exit.

Enter Oriana and her waiting woman: looke out at a window.

Oriana. Hast thou prouided one to beare my letter to my brother?

Wait. I haue enquir'd, but they of the house will suffer no letter nor message to bee carried from you, but such as the Lord Gondarino shall bee acquainted with: Truly Madam, I suspect the house to be no better then it should be.

Oriana. What doest thou doubt?

Wait. Faith, I am loath to tell it Madam.

Oriana. Out with it, 'tis not true modesty to feare to speak what thou doest thinke.

Wait. I thinke it be one of these same bawdy houses!

Oriana. 'Tis no matter wench, wee are warme in it; keepe thou thy minde pure, and vpon my word, that name will doe thee no hurt: I cannot force my selfe yet to feare any thing; when I do get out, Ile haue another encounter with my Woman Hater. Here will I sit, I may get sight of some of my friendes, it must needes be a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, Count, Arrigo.

Gond. Are wee all sufficently disguiz'd? for this house where shee attendes mee, is not to bee visited in our own shapes.

Duke. We

# The Woman Hater.

*Duke.* We are not our selues.

*Arri.* I know the house to be sinfull ynough, yet I haue bin heretofore, and durst now, but for discouering of you, appeare here in my owne likenesse.

*Duke.* Where's *Lucio*?

*Arri.* My Lord, he said, the affaires of the Conimon-wealth, would not suffer him to attend alwayes.

*Duk.* Some great ones questionlesse that hee will han-dle.

*Count.* Come, let vs enter?

*Gond.* See how Fortune striues, to reuenge my quarrell vpon these women, shée's in the window, were it not to vndoe her, I should not looke vpon her.

*Duk.* Lead vs *Gondarino*.

*Gond.* Stay, since you force me to display my shame, Looke there, and you my Lord, know you that face?

*Duk.* 'Tis shée?

*Count.* It is.

*Gond.* 'Tis shée, whose greatest vertue euer was Dissimulation, she that still hath strone More to sinne cunn'gly then to auoid it: She that hath euer sought to be accounted Most vertuous, when she did deserue most scandale: 'Tis she that itches now, and in the height Of her intemperat thoughts, with greedy eyes Expects my comming to allay her lust: Leaue her, forget shée's thy sister.

*Count.* Stay, stay.

*Duke.* I am as full of this, as thou canst be, The memory of this will easily Hereafter stay my loose and wandring thoughts From any woman.

*Count.* This wil not downe with me, I dare not trust this fellow.

*Duke.* Leaue her here, that onely shall be her punish-ment, neuer to be fetcht from hence; but let her vse her trade to get her liuing.

# The Woman Hater.

*Count.* Stay, good my Lord, I do beleue all this, as great men as I haue had knowne whores to their sisters, & haue laught at it, I would faine heare how she talkes, since shee grew thus light: will your grace make him shew himselfe to her, as if hee were now come to satisfie her longing? whilst we vnseene of her, ouer-heare her wantonnes, let's make our best of it now we shall haue good mirth.

*Duk.* Doe it *Gondarino*.

*Gond.* I must; fortune assist me but this once.

*Count.* Here we shall stand vnseene, and neere ynough.

*Gond.* Madame, *Oriana*.

*Oria.* Whose that? O! my Lord?

*Gond.* Shall I come vp?

*Oria.* O you are merry, shall I come downe?

*Gond.* It is better there.

*Ori.* What is the confession of the lye you made to the Duke, which I scarce beleue yet you had impudence ynough to do: did not gaine you so much faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your Lo. bestowing, till you had recouered my credit, and confess your selfe a lyar, as you pretended to do? I confess I began to feare you, and desir'd to be out of your house, but your owne followers forc'd me hither.

*Gond.* 'Tis well suspected, dissemble still, for there are some may heare vs.

*Ori.* More trickes yet, my Lord? what house this is I know not, I only know my selfe, it were a great conquest if you could fasten a scandale vpon me: 'fayth my Lord, giue me leaue to write to my brother?

*Duk.* Come downe.

*Count.* Come downe.

*Arr.* If it please your grace there's a backe dore.

*Count.* Come meet vs there then?

*Duk.* It seemes you are acquainted with the house.

*Arr.* I haue bin in it.

*Gond.* She saw you, and dissembled.

*Duke.* Sir, we shall know that better.

*Gond.*

# The Woman Hater.

*Gond.* Bring me vnto her, if I proue her not  
To be a strumpet, let me be contemn'd  
Of all her sex.      *Exeunt.*      *Finis Act. 4.*

## Actus V. Scena I.

*Enter Lucio.*

*Lu.* Now whilst the young Duke followes his delights,  
We that do meane to practise in the State,  
Must picke our times, and set our faces in,  
And nod our heads, as it may proue most fit  
For the maine good of the deare Commonwealth:  
Whose within there?      *Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord?

*Luc.* Secretary, fetch the gowne I vse to read petitions  
in, and the standish I answer French Letters with, and call  
in the gentleman that attends:      *Exit Serv.*

Little know they that do not deale in State,  
How many things there are to be obseru'd,  
Which seeme but little; yet by one of vs  
(Whose braines do wind about the Commonwealth)  
Neglected, cracks our credits vtterly.      *Enter Gentleman*  
Sir, but that I do presume vpon your secrecie,      *& a Serv.*  
I would not haue appear'd to you thus ignorantly attir'd  
without a tooth-picke in a ribban, or a ring in my band-  
strings.      *Gent.* Your Lordship sent for me?

*Luc.* I did: Sir your long practise in the state vnder a  
great man hath led you to much experience.

*Gent.* My Lord.

*Luc.* Suffer not your modesty to excuse it, in short and in  
priuat I desire your direction, I take my studie already to  
be furniht after a graue and wise methode.

*Gent.* What will this Lord do?

*Lu.* My book-strings are sutable & of a reaching colour.

*Gent.* How's this?

*Lucio.* My Standish of Wood strange and sweete,  
and my fore-flap hangs in the right place, and as neare  
Machiavels, as can be gathered by tradition.

*Gent.*

## *The Woman Hater.*

*Gent.* Are there such men as will say nothing abroad, and play the fooles in their lodgings? this Lord must be followed: and hath your Lordship some new made words to scatter in your speeches in publicke, to gaine note, that the hearers may carry them away, and dispute of them at dinner?

*Luc.* I haue Sir: and besides my seueral gownes and caps agreeable to my seuerall occasions.

*Gent.* 'Tis wel, and you haue learn'd to write a bad hand, that the Readers may take paines for it.

*Luc.* Yes sir: and I giue out I haue the palfie.

*Gent.* Good, 'twere better though, if you had it, your Lo. hath a Secretary, that can write fayre, when you purpose to be vnderstood.

*Luc.* Faith sir I haue one, there he stands, he hath bin my Secretary this 7. yeares, but he hath forgotten to write.

*Gent.* If he can make a writing face, it is not amisse, so he keep his own counsell: your Lo. hath no hope of the gout?

*Luc.* Vh, little sir, since the paine in my right foote left me.

*Gent.* 'Twill be some scandale to your wisdome, though I see your Lo. knowes ymough in publike businesse.

*Luc.* I am not employ'de (though to my desert) in occasion forraine, nor frequented for matters domesticall.

*Gent.* Not frequented? what course takes your Lordship?

*Luc.* The readiest way, my dore stands wide, my Secretary knowes I am not denied to any.

*Gent.* In this (giue me leaue) your Lordship is out of the way: make a backe dore to let out Intelligencers; seeme to be euer busie, and put your dore vnder keepers, and you shall haue a troope of clients sweating to come at you.

*Luc.* I haue a backe-dore already, I will henceforth be busie, secretary run and keepe the dore. *Exit Secretary.*

*Gent.* This will fetch am?

*Luc.* I hope so.

*Enter Secretary.*

*Secr.* My Lord, there are some require acceſſe to you about weightie affaires of state.

*Luc.*

# The Woman Hater.

*Luci.* All readie.

*Gent.* I told you so.

*Luci.* How waightie is the busines.

*Secr.* Treason my Lord.

*Luci.* Sir, my debts to you for this are great.

*Gent.* I will leaue your Lordship now.

*Luci.* Sir my death must be sudaine, if I requite you not, at the backe dore good Sir.

*Gant.* I will be your Lordships intelligencer for once.

*Exit Gentleman, Enter Secretarie.*

*Secr.* My Lord.

*Luci.* Let am in, and say I am at my studie.

*Enter Lazarello, & two Intelligencers, Lucio being at his study.*

1. *In.* Where is your Lord?

*Secr.* At his studie, but he will haue you brought in.

*Laza.* Why Gentlemen, what will you charge mee withall?

2. *In.* Treason, horrible treason, I hope to haue the leading of thee to prison, and pricke thee on 'ith arse with a halbert: to haue him heng'd that salutes thee, and call all those in question that spit not vpon thee.

*Laza.* My thred is spunne, yet might I but call for this dish of meat at the gallous, in stead of a Psalme, it were to be indur'd: the Curtaine opens, now my end drawes on.

*Secretarie drawes the curtaine.*

*Luci.* Gentlemen I am not emptie of waightie occasions at this time; I pray you your busines.

1. *In.* My Lord, I thinke wee haue discouer'd one of the most blodie Traitors, that euer the world held.

*Luci.* Signior Lazarillo, I am glad ye're one of this discouery, giue me your hand.

2. *In.* My Lord that is the Traitor.

*Luci.* Keepe him off, I would not for my whole estate haue toucht him.

*Laz.* My Lord.

*Luci.* Peace Sir, I know the diuel is at your tongues end, to furnish you with speeches: what are the particulars?

# The Woman Hater.

you charge him with. They deliver a paper to *Lucio*, who reads.

*both In.* We haue confer'd our notes, & haue extracted that, which we will iustifie vpon our oathes.

*Lucio.* That he would bee greater then the Duke, that he had cast plots for this, and meant to corrupt some to betray him, that he would burne the Cittie, kill the Duke, and poyson the priuie Councell; and lastly kill himselfe. Though thou deseru'st iustly to bee hanged, with silence yet I allow thee to speake, be short.

*Laz.* My Lord, so may my greatest wish succeed,  
So may I liue, and compasse what I seeke,  
As I had neuer treason in my thoughts,  
Noreuer did conspire the ouerthrow  
Of any creatures, but of brutish beasts,  
Fowles, Fishes, and such other humaine food  
As is prouided for the good of man,  
If stealing Custards, Tarts, and Florentines  
By some late Statute be created treason;  
How many fellow Courtiers can I bring,  
Whose long attendance, and experience,  
Hath made them deeper in the plot then I.

*Luci.* Peace, such hath euer beene the clemencie of my gratiouse maister the Duke, in all his proceedings, that I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly; that mallice would long ere this, haue hid her selfe in her den, and haue turn'd her owne sting against her owne heart: but I well now perceiue; that so forward is the dispositi-  
on of a depraued nature; that it doth not onely seeke re-  
uenge, where it hath receiued iniurie; but many times thirst after their destruction, where it hath met with bene-  
fits.

*Laz.* But my good Lord---

*2. In.* Lets gagge him.

*Luci.* Peace againe, but many times thirst after distruksi-  
on, where it hath met with benefits; there I left: Such,  
& no better are the busines, that we haue now in hand.

*1. In.* Hee's excellently spoken.

2. In.

# The Woman Hater.

2. In. Hee'l wind a Tratour I warrant him;

Luci. But surely me thinkes, setting aside the touch of Conscience, and all other inward con vulsions.

2. In. Hee'l be hang'd, I know by that word.

Laza. Your Lordship may consider—

Luci. Hold thy peace : thou canst not answere this speech: no Tratour can answere it: but because you cannot answere this speech; I take it you haue confess'd the Treason.

1. In. The Count *Valore* was the first that discouered him, and can witnes it, but hee left the matter to your Lordships graue consideration.

Luci. I thanke his Lordship, carry him away speedily to the Duke.

Laza. Now *Lazarillo* thou art tumbl'd downe  
The hill of Fortune, with a violent arme;  
All plagues that can be, Famine, and the sword  
Will light vpon thee, blacke dispaire will boyle  
In thy dispairing brest, no comfort by,  
Thy Friends farre off, thy enimies are neare.

Luci. Away with him, Ile follow you, looke you pynion him, and take his moncy from him, least he swallow a shilling and kill himselfe.

2. In. Get then on before.

Exeunt.

## ACTVS 5. SCENA. 3.

Enter the Duke, the Count, Gondarino, and Arrigo.

Duke. Now *Gondarino*, what can you put on now  
That may againe deceiue vs,  
Have ye more strange illusions, yet more mists,  
Through which the weake eye may be led to error:  
What can ye say that may doe satisfaction  
Both for her wronged honour, and your ill?

I 2

Gond.

## The Woman Hater.

**Gond.** All I can say or may is said alreadie,  
She is vnchaſt, or else I haue no knowledge,  
I doe not breath, nor haue the vſe of ſenſe.

**Duke.** Dare ye be yet ſo wilfull, ignorant,  
Of your owne nakednes, did not your ſeruants  
In mine owne hearing confeſſe  
They brought her to that house, we found her in;  
Almost by force: and with a great diſtruct  
Of ſome eauuing hazard.

**Count.** He that hath begun ſo worthily,  
It fits not with his reſolution  
To leauue of thus: my Lorde I know theſe are but idle  
proues.

What ſayes your Lorſhip to them?

**Gond.** Count, I dare yet pronounce again, thy Sister is  
not honest.

**Coun.** You are your ſelf my Lord, I like your ſetel'dnes.

**Gond.** Count thou art yong, and vnexperienced, in the  
darke hidden wayes of women. Thou darſt affirme with  
confidence a Ladie of fifteene may be a maide.

**Cont.** Sir if it were not ſo, I haue a Sister would ſet neer  
my heart.

**Gond.** Let her ſet neer her shame, it better fits her: call  
backe the bloud that made our ſtreame in neerenelle,  
and turne the Currant to a better vſe, 'tis too much mud-  
ded, I doe i'greeue to know it.

**Duke.** Darſt thou make vp againe, darſt to turne face,  
knowing wee know thee, haſt thou not beene diſcouered  
openly: did not our eares heare her denie thy courtings?  
did we not ſee her bluſh with moideſt anger, to be ſo ouer-  
taken by a tricke; can ye denie this Lord?

**Gond.** Had not your Grace, and her kind brother  
Beene within leuell of her eye,  
You ſhould haue had a hotter volley from her  
More full of bloud and fire, readie to leape the window,  
where ſhe ſtood.

So truly ſenſuall is her appetitie,

*Duke*

## The Woman Hater.

*Duke.* Sir, Sir, these are but wordes and trickes, giue me the proofe.

*Count.* What need a better proofe then your Lordship, I am sure ye haue laine with her my Lord.

*Gond.* I haue confessit Sir.

*Duke.* I dare not giue thee credit without witnes.

*Gond.* Doe's your Grace thinke, wee carry seconds, with vs, to search vs, and see faire play: your Grace hath beene ill tutord in the busynesse; but if you hope to trie her truly, and satisfie your selfe what fraultie is, giue her the Test: doe not remember Count shee is your Sister; nor let my Lorde the Duke beleue shee is faire; but put her too't without hope or pittie, then yee shall see that goulden forme flic off, that all eyes wonder at for pure and fixt, and vnder it, base blushing copper; mettall not worth the meanest honnor: you shall behold her then my Lord Transparent, looke through her heart, and veiw the spirits how they leape, and tell mee then, I did belie the Ladie.

*Duke.* It shalbe done: come *Gondarino* bear vs company, We doe beleue thicke she shall die, and thou shalt see it.

*Enter Lazarello, 2. Intelligers, and Guard.*  
How now my friends, whome haue ye guarded hether.

*2. In.* So please your Grace wee haue discouer'd a villaine and a Traytour: the Lord *Lucio* hath examin'd him, and sent him to your Grace for Iudgement.

*Count.* My Lord, Idare absoule him from all sinne of Treason: I knowe his most ambitions is but a dish of meate; which a'hath hunted, with so trew a sent, that hec deserueth the Coller, not the Halter.

*Duke.* Why do they bring him thus boūd vp? the poore man had more neede of some warme meate, to comforte his cold stomacke.

*Count.* Your grace shall haue the cause hereafter, when when you may laugh more freely.

But these are cal'd Informers: men that liue by Treason; as Rat-chatchers do by poyson.

# The Woman Hater.

Duke. Wold there were no heauier prodigies hung over vs, then this poore fellow, I durst redeeme all perils ready to powre theselues vpon this state, with a cold Custard.

Court. Your gracie might do it, without dāger toy our perso.

Laz. My Lord, if euer I intended Treason against your person, or the state, vnles it were by wishing from your Table, some dish of meate; which I must needs confesse, was not a subiects part: or coueting by stealth, supps from those noble bottles, that no mouth keeping allegiance trew, should dare to tast: I must confess with more then couetous eye, I haue bee held thōse deare conceal'd dishes, that haue been brought in, by cunning equipage, to waite vpon your graces pallate: I do confess out of this present heat, I haue had stratagemes, & ambuscadoes: but God be thanked they haue neuer tooke.

Duke. Count, this busines is your owne; when you haue done, repaire to vs.

Exit Duke.

Court. I will attend your grace: Lazarillo, you are at libertie, be your owne man againe; and if ye can be maister of your wishes, I wish it may be so.

Laz. I humbly thanke your Lordship: I must bee vnmanerly, I haue some present busines, once more I heartily thanke your Lordship.

Exit Lazarillo.

Count. Now cuen a word or two to you, and so farewell; you think you haue deseru'd much of this state, by this discoverie: y'are a flauish people, growne subiect to the common course of all men. How much vnhappy were that noble spirite, could worke by such baser gaines? what misery would not a knowing man put on, with willingnes, ere he see him selfe growne fat and full fed, by fall of those you rise by? I do discharge ye my attendance; our healthfull state needes no such Leeches to suck out her bloud.

1 Intell. I do beseech your Lordship. 2 Int. Good my L.

Count. Go learne to be more honest, whē I see you worke your meanes from honest industrie, Exeunt Informers.  
I will be willing to accept your labors:

Till then I will keepe backe my promist fauours:

Heere comes an other remnant of folly: Enter Lucio.

I must

## The Woman Hater.

I must dispatch him too. Now Lord *Lucio*, what busines  
bring you hyther?

*Lucio*. Faith Sir, I am discouering what will become of  
that notable piece of Treason, intended by that varlet *La-  
zarell*; I haue sent him to the Duke for judgment.

*Count*. Sir you haue performed the part of a most care-  
full states-man, and let me say it to your face, Sir of a Fa-  
ther to this state: I would wish you to retyre, and insconce  
your selfe in studie: for such is your dayly labor, and our  
feare, that the losse of an houre may breed our ouerthrow.

*Lucio*. Sir I will be cōmaunded by your judgement, and  
though I find it a trouble scant to be waded through, by  
these weake yeares, yet for the deare care of the Com-  
mon-wealth, I will bruse my braynes, and cōfine my selfe  
to much vexation.

*Count*. Goe, and mayest thou knocke downe Treason like  
an Oxe. *Lucio*. Amen. *Excuse*

*Enter Mercer, Pander, Francisina.*

*Mer.* Haue I spoke thus much in the honor of learning?  
Learn'd the names of the seuē liberall Sciences, before my  
mariage; & since, haue in hast written Epistles congratula-  
ry, to the 9. Muses: & is she prou'd a whore & a Beggar?

*Pan.* Tis true, you are not now to be taught, that no man  
can be learn'd of a suddaine; let not your first project dis-  
courage you, what you haue lost in this, you may get againe  
in Alcumie.

*Fran.* Feare not husband, I hope to make as good a wife,  
as the best of your neighbours haue, and as honest.

*Mer.* I will go home; good sir do not publish this, as long  
as it run's amōgst our selues; 'tis good honest mirth: you'll  
come hōe to supper; I meane to haue al her friends & mine  
as ill as it goes. *Pan.* Do wisely sir, & bid your own friēds,  
your whole wealth wil scarce feast all hers, neither is it for  
your credit, to walke the streets, with a woman so noted, get  
you home, and prouide her cloathes: let her come an houre  
hēce with an hād-basket & shift her selfe, she'll serue to sit  
at the vpper end of the Table, & drink to your customers.

*Mer. Arte*

# The VVoman Hater.

*Mer.* Arte is just, and will make me a mendes.

*Pan.* No doubt Sir.

*Mer.* The chiefe note of a Scholler you say, is to gouerne his passions; wherefore I do take all patiently; in signe of which my most deare wife, I do kisse thee: make haft home after me, I shall be in my Studie. *Exit Mer.*

*Pan.* Goe, a vaunt, my new Citie dame, send mee what you promised me for consideration; and may'st thou prooue a Lady.

*Fran.* Thou shalt haue it, his silkes shall flye fc. it.

*Enter Lazarello and his Boy*

*Exeunt*

*Lazarello.* How sweetis a calme after a tempest, what is there nowe that can stand betwixt mee and felicitie? I haue gon through all my crosses constātly; haue confōud̄ed my enimies, and know where to haue my longings sa-tisfied; I haue my way before me, there is the dore, and I may freely walke into my delights. knocke Boy.

*Julia.* Who's their? *within*

*Laz.* Madona my loue, not guiltie, not guiltie, open the dore. *Enter Julia*

*Julia.* Art thou come sweet heart?

*Laz.* Yes to thy soft imbraces, and the rest of my ouer-flowing blisses; come let vs in and swime in our delights: a short grace as we goe, and so to meat.

*Julia.* Nay my deare loue, you must beare with mee in this; we're to the Church first.

*Laz.* Shall I be sure of it then.

*Julia.* By my loue you shall.

*Laz.* I am content, for I do now wish to hould off longer, to whet my appetite, and doe desire to meet with more troubles, so I might conquerē them.

And as a holy louer that hath spent  
The tedious night, with many a sigh and teares;  
Whil'st he purſu'd his wench: and hath obſeru'd  
The smiles, and frownes, not daring to displease;  
When at laſt, hath with his ſeruice wone  
Her yeelding heart; that ſhe begins to dote

*Vpon*

## The Woman Hater.

Vpon him, and can hold not longer out,  
But hangs about his necke, and woes him more  
Then euer he desir'd her loue before:  
Then begins to flatter his desert,  
And growing wanton, needes will cast her off;  
Trie her, picke quarrels, to breed fresh delight,  
And to increase his pleasing appetite.

*Iul.* Come Mouse, will you walke?

*Laz.* I pray thee let me bee deliuered of the joy I am so  
big with; i doe feele that high heat within me, that I begin  
to doubt whether I be mortall?

How I contemne my fellowes in the Court,  
With whom I did but yesterday conuerse,  
And in a lower and an humbler key  
Did walke, and meditate on grosser meates:  
There are they still poore rogues, shaking their chops,  
And sneaking after cheeses, and doe runne  
Headlong in chase of euery jacke of Beere  
That crossesthem, in hope of some repast,  
That it will bring them to; whilst I am here,  
The happiest wight, that euer set his tooth  
To a deare noueltie: approch my loue,  
Come let's goe to knit the true loues knot,  
That neuer can be broken.

*Boy.* That is to marry a whore.

*Laz.* When that is done, then will we taste the gift,  
Which Fates haue sent, my fortunes vp to lift.

*Boy.* When that is done, you'll begin to repent, vpon a  
full stomacke; but I see, 'tis but a forme in destiny, not to  
be alter'd.

*Exeunc*

*Enter Arrigo, and Oriana.*

*Oriana.* Sir, what may be the currant of your busines, that  
thus you single out your time and place?

*Arrigo.* Madame, the businesse nowe impos'd vpon  
me, concernes you neerely; I wish some worser man might  
finisht it.

*Or.* Why are ye chang'd so? are ye not well sir?

*K.*

*Mr. Yes*

# The Woman Hater.

*Arr.* Yes madam, I am well, wo'd you were so.

*Oriana.* Why sir? I feele my selfe in perfect health.

*Arr.* And yet ye cannot liue long, madam.

*Oriana.* Why good *Arrigo*?

*Arr.* Why, ye must die.

*Oriana.* I know I must, but yet my fate calls not vpon me.

*Arr.* It does; this hand the Duke commandes shall giue you death.

*Oriana.* Heauen, and the powers diuine, guard well the innocent.

*Arr.* Lady, your praiers may doe your soule some good, That sure your body cannot merrit by 'em:

You must prepare to die. (mitted,

*Oriana.* What's my offence? what haue these yeare's com-

That may be dangerous to the Duke or State?

Haue I conspir'd by poysone? haue I giu'n vp

My honour to some loose vnsel'd blood

That may giue action to my plots?

Deare sir, let me not die ignorant of my faults?

*Arr.* Ye shall not.

Then Lady, you must know, you are held vnhonest; The Duke, your brother, and your friends in court, With too much grieve condemne ye: though to me, The fault deserues not to be paid with death.

*Oriana.* Who is my accuser?

*Arr.* Lord Gondarino.

(Duke,

*Oriana.* *Arrigo*, take these wordes, and beare them to the It is the last petition I shall aske thee:

Tell him the child, this present houre brought forth

To see the world, ha's not a soule more pure, more white,

More virgin then I haue. Tell him Lord Gondarinoes

Plot, I suffer for, and willingly: tel him it had bin a greater

honour, to haue sau'd then kil'd: but I haue done: strike,

I am arm'd for heauen. VVhy stay you? is there any hope?

*Arr.* I would not strike.

*Oriana.* Haue you the power to saue?

*Arr.* With

## The Woman Hater.

Arr. With hazzard of my life, if it should be knowne?

Orian. You will not venture that?

Arr. I will: Lady, there is that means yet to escape your death, if you can wisely apprehend it.

Orian. Ye dare not be so kind?

Arr. I dare, and will, if you dare but deserue it.

Orian. If I should slight my life, I were too blame.

Arr. Then madam, this is the meanes, or else you die: I loue you.

Orian. I shall beleue it, if you saue my life.

Arr. And you must lie with me.

Orian. I dare not buy my life so.

Arr. Come ye must resolute, say yea or no.

Orian. Then no; nay looke not ruggedly vpon me,  
I am made vp too strong, to feare such lookes.

Come, doe your Butchers part: before I would win life,  
with the deare losse of honour, I dare finde meanes to free  
my selfe.

Arr. Speake, will ye yeeld?

Orian. Villaine, I will not; murderer doe thy worst, thy  
base vnnoble thoughts dare prompt thee to; I am aboue  
thee slauie.

Arr. Will thou not be drawne to yeild by faire perswa-  
sions?

Orian. No nor by —

Arr. Peace, know your doom then; your Ladiship must  
remēber, you are not now at home, where you dare icast  
at all that come about you: but you are fallen vnder my  
mercie, which shal be final: if thou refuse to yeeld, heare  
what I haue sworn vnto my selfe; I will inioy thee, though  
it betweene the parting of thy soule and body. Yield yet  
and liue.

Orian. Ile guard the one, let heauens guard the other.

Arr. Are ye so resolute then? *Duk. frō above.* Hold, hold, I say.

Oria. What haue I? yet more terror to my tragedy?

Arr. Lady, the scene of blood is done; ye are now as free  
from scandal, as from death.

# The VVoman Hater.

Enter Duke, Count, and Gondarino.

(viii)

Duke. Thou woman which wert borne to teach  
Faire, sweet, and modest maid forgiue my thoughts,  
My trespass was my loue. Seize Gondarino, let him w...  
doomes.

Gond. I doe begin a little to loue this woman; I could in-  
dure her already twelue miles off.

Count. Sister, I am glad you haue brought your honour  
off so fairely, without losse: you haue done a worke aboue  
your sexe, the Duke admires it; giue him faire encounter.

Duk. Best of all comforts; may I take this hand, and call

Oria. I am your Graces handmaid. (it mine?)

Duk. Would ye had sed my selfe: might it not be so Lady?

Count. Sister, say I: I know ye can affoard it.

Orian. My Lord, I am your subiect, you may command  
me, prouided still, your thoughts be faire and good.

Du. Here, I am yours; and when I cease to be so,  
Let heauen forget me: thus I make it good.

Ori. My Lord, I am no more mine owne.

Count. So: this bargaine was well driuen.

Gond. Duke, thou hast sold away thy selfe to all perdi-  
tion; thou art this present houre becomming cuckold: me  
thinkes I see thy gaule grate through thy veines, and jea-  
lousie seize thee with her talents: I knowe that womans  
nose must be cut off, shee cannot scape it.

Duk. Sir, we haue punishment for you.

Or. I doe beseech your Lordship, for the wrongs, this man  
hath done me, let me pronounce his punishment.

Duk. Lady, I giue to you, he is your owne.

Gon. I doe beseech your grace, let me be banisht with al  
the speed that may be.

Count. Stay still, you shall attend her sentence.

Orian. Lord Gondarino, you haue wroug'd me highly,  
yet since it sprung from no peculiar hate to me, but from a  
generall dislike vnto all women, you shall thus suffer for  
it, Arrigo, call in some Ladies to assist vs: will your Grace  
take your States?

Gond. My

# The VVoman Hater.

**Com.** My Lord I doe beseech your Grace for any punishment sauing this woman, let me bee sent vpon discouery of some Island, I doe desire but a small Gundale, with tenne Holland Cheeses, and ile vndertake it.

**Oria.** Sir ye must bee content, will ye sit downe? nay doe it willingly. *Arrigo* tie his armes close to the chaire, I dare not trust his patience.

**Gond.** Maiſt thou be quickly old and painted; maiſt thou dote vpon some sturdy Yeoman of the wood-yarde, and he be honest; maiſt thou be bar'd the lawfull lechery of thy Coach for want of Instruments; and last, bee thy wombe vnonopen'd.

**Duke.** This fellow hath a prety gaule.

**Count.** My Lord, I hope to see him purg'd ere apart.

*Enter Ladies.*

**Oria.** Your Ladiships are welcome: I must desire your helpes, though you are no Phisitions, to doe a strange cure vpon this Gentleman.

**Ladies** In what we can assist ye Maddam, ye may command vs.

**Gond.** Now do I fit like a Coniurer within my circle, and these the Diuels that are rais'd about mee, I will pray that they may haue no power vpon me.

**Oria.** Ladies fall off in couples, then with a soft still march with low demeanures, charge this Gentleman: ile be your leader.

**Gond.** Let me be quarter'd Duke quickly, I can endure it: these women long for mans flesh, let them haue it.

**Duke.** Count, haue you euer scene so strange a passion? what would this fellow doe, if a should find himselfe in bed with a yong Ladie?

**Count.** Faith my Lord, if a cou'd get a knife, sure a wo'd cut her throte, or else a wo'd doe as *Hercules* did by *Lycas*, swing out her soule: has the true hate of a womā in him.

**Oria.** Low with your curseyes Ladies.

**Gond.** Comenot too neere me, I haue a breath will poyson yee, my lungs are rottten, and my sto.ack ra wes I

# The Woman Hater.

am giuen much to belching: hold off, as you loue sweet  
aires; Ladies by your first nights pleasure, I coniure you,  
as you wo'd haue your husbands proper men, strong  
backes, and little legges, as you would haue 'em hate  
your waiting women.

*Oris.* Sir we must court yee till wee haue obtain'd some  
little fauour from those gracious eyes, tis but a kis a peece.

*Gond.* I pronounce perdition to ye all; ye are a parcell  
of that damned Crew, that fell downe with Lucifer, and  
here yee stayd on earth, to plague poore men; vanish, a-  
uaunt, I am fortified against your charmes; heauen grant  
me breath and patience.

*1. Lady.* Shall we not kisse then?

*Gond.* No, feare my lips with hot irons first, or stitch  
them vp like a Ferrets: O that this brunt were ouer.

*2. Lad.* Come, come, little rogue, thou art too maidly  
by my troth, I thinke I must boxe thee, till thou bee st  
boulder; the more bold, the more welcome: I prethee kis  
me, be not afraid? Shee fits on his knee.

*Gond.* If there bee any here, that yet haue so much of  
the foole left in them, as to loue their Mothers, let them  
ooke on her, and loath them too.

*2. Lad.* What a slouenly little villaine art thou, why  
dost thou not stroke vp thy haire? I thinke thou ne're  
comb'd it: I must haue it lie in better orders, so, so, so, let  
me see thy hands, are they washt?

*Gond.* I would they were loose for thy sake.

*Duke.* She tortures him admirably.

*Count.* The best that euer was.

*2. Lad.* Alas how cold they are poore golls, why do'st  
thhee not get thee a muffe?

*Ami.* Maddam, her's an old Country gentlewoman at  
the doore, that came nodding vp for Justice, she was with  
the Lord *Gondarins* to day, and would now againe come  
to the speech of him; she sayes.

*Oris.* Let her in, for sports sake, let her in.

*Gond.* Mercie O Duke, I doe appeal to thee: plant  
Cannons

## The Woman Hater.

Cannons there, and discharge them against my brest rather : may first, let this shee furie sit still where shee do's, and with her nimble fingers stroake my haire, play with my fingers endes, or anything, vntill my panting heart haue broke my brest.

Duke. You must abide her censure.

*The Lady rises from his knee. Enter old Gentlewoman.*

Gond. I see her come, vnbbutton mee, for she wil speake.

Gentlew. Where is hee Sir?

Gond. Sauemee, I heare her.

Arr. There he is in state, to giue you audience.

Gentlew. How doe's your good Lordship?

Gond. Sicke of the spleene.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Sicke.

Gentlew. Will you chew a Nutmeg, you shall not refuse it, tis very comfortable.

Gond. Nay now thou art come, I know it is the Diuels Jubile, he'll is broke loose:

My Lord, If euer I haue done you seruice,  
Or haue deseru'd a fauour of your Grace,  
Let me be turn'd vpon some present Action,  
Where I may sooner die, then languish thus;  
Your Grace hath her petition, grant it her, and ease mee now atlast.

Duke. No Sir, you must endure.

Gentlew. For my petition; I hope your Lordship hath remembred me.

Oris. Faith I begin to pittie him, *Arrigo* take her off, beare her away; say her petition is granted.

Gentlew. Whether doe you draw me Sir? I know it is not my Lords pleasure I should be thus vsed, before my busines be dispatched?

Arr. You shall know more of that without.

Oris. Vnbind him Ladies, but before he goe, this hee shal promise; for the loue I beare to our own sex, I would haue them still hated by thee, and inioyne thee as a punishment

## *The Woman Hater.*

nishmet, neuer herafter willingly to come in the presence  
or sight of any woman, nor neuer to seeke wrongfully  
the publike disgrace of any.

*Gond.* Tis that I would haue sworne, and doe: when I  
meddle with them, for their good, or their badde; may  
Time call back this day againe, and when I come in their  
companies, may I catch the poxe, by their breath, and  
haue no other pleasure for it.

*Duke.* Ye are too mercifull.

*Oris.* My Lord, I shew'd my sexe the better.

*Count.* All is outer-blowne Sister, y'are like to haue a  
fair night of it, and a Prince in your armes: lets goe my  
Lord. (griefe,

*Duke.* Thus through the doubtfull Streams of Ioy and  
True loue doth wade, and finds at last releefe.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

**FINIS.**

836

Woman Hater Lond. 1607. 4°



(virtue,  
teach men  
thoughts,  
him waitour

Words missing on reverse of K.2.

Dyce copy